McCALL'S MAGAZINE

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Established 1848

Lightening the Mending Basket

By MARTHA KELLOGG

THE stocked-up mending basket is grimly endured as one of the necessary ills of existence. Yet, with a little forethought, we can help ourselves until we see it before us not as a stupendous mountain, but merely a pleasant foot-hill. Here are some suggestions by the way.

The elastics around the knees of little boys' knickerbockers or girls' wash bloomers are in constant need of renewing. To prevent this, sew a small hook and eye on each elastic so that it may be fastened around the leg. Then it may be slipped in and out for laundering, so as to escape the destructive washing. The garment, incidentally, is easier to iron, and does not grow dingy at the hem or fade unevenly.

To prevent the annoying "runs" in hosiery that take so much time to darn, sew a square of tape where the supporter comes, and attach to this foundation a loop to which the garter may be fastened. This insures longer life for hose.

To re-enforce buttonholes, especially when worked on flimsy material, draw a line on the goods the size of the buttonhole required, and work around it, cutting it out afterwards. This makes a much better and stronger buttonhole.

Baby-cap strings become mussed long before the cap is soiled. Frequent ripping and sewing may be avoided by attaching them to the cap with patent snap-fasteners.

Ribbon in underwear becomes deplorably shabby unless it is removed for each washing. This increases the pile in the mending basket to such an extent that many busy people prefer to substitute fine narrow linen tape in any color desired. It launders well, and is neat and attractive.

Clothes often have to be mended because they have been carelessly hung on nails. If you cannot get coat-hangers, take newspapers, roll tight, bind with cord, and slip into a cheese-cloth casing. These serve excellently as hangers for any light-weight garment.

One may well imitate the tailors, who usually mend without taking a stitch. Buy five cents' worth of rubber tissue. Place the garment on the ironing-board, wrong side up, with torn edges neatly placed together. Cover with the tissue, place a patch of the goods over that, then a damp cloth, and press with a hot iron until dry. Clip off any loose ends, and the rent will be almost invisible.

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INFORMATION FOR EVERY SUBSCRIBER

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If your magazine fails to arrive before the 27th of the month preceding the month of issue, notify us by postal and we will mail you a duplicate copy.

If you intend to change your address, please give us four weeks' notice. We cannot make a change of address on our list, unless you give your complete old address as well as your new address.

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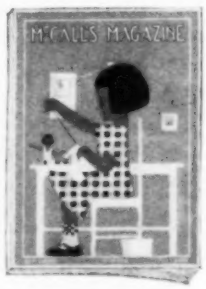
IF YOU WERE EDITOR

OF McCALL'S MAGAZINE

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?



Below you will find a list of questions, which we would like you to answer exactly as you would if you were Editor. Most of them can be answered with yes or no; others give you an opportunity to express special preferences or suggest magazine features which you are anxious to see in McCALL'S. If you will turn to the editorial page (page 7), you will see that we are offering a number of prizes for answers to these questions. Read the editor's page carefully, and then fill out this list as completely as possible, and send in, addressed, "If I Were Editor Contest, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City. We want to hear from You.

What is the first page of reading matter you turn to, each month, when McCALL'S MAGAZINE arrives?.....

What feature of McCALL'S do you like best, next to the fashions? .....

Which do you like least?.....

If you were editor, what would be your choice in fiction? Do you like, for instance:

Love Stories.....? "A Chapter in Revelations" (Jan.)..... "Peggy Chooses a Career" (Jan.)..... "The Doctor's Christmas Gift" (Dec.)..... "An Electrical Disturbance" (Nov.)..... "The Glass House" (Oct.)..... "At the Sign of the Safety-Pin" (Sept.)..... "A No-'Count Wooing" (July).....

Stories of Married Life.....? "The Edifice" (Dec.).....

Stories About Elderly People.....? "Living With Lucy" (Oct.)..... "Ma's Golden Wedding" (Aug.)..... "Parcel No. 76" (June).....

Stories About Children.....? "Stocking Night" (Dec.)..... "The Mother of Many" (Sept.)..... "Gretchen Dorothea and the Fairies" (June).....

Stories Without a Love Element.....? "The Beautiful" (July)..... "The Suffragists of Sandy Corners" (April).....

Were you interested in "The Autobiography of a Star"?.....

In our General Articles, which have especially interested you? We name a few to refresh your memory: "On the School-Wagon Route" (Oct.)..... "How I Kept My Baby Well" (Oct.) ..... "The Tin Bank On the Mantel" (Sept.)..... "The Astor Baby" (Sept.) ..... "The President's Family In Their Summer Home" (Sept.)..... "A Talk With Worth About Clothes" (Aug.)..... "The Methods of an Emancipated Household" (Aug.)..... "Dinners by Parcel Post" (May)..... "Allendale Farm" (April) ..... "Holding the Love of the Child" (Feb.).....

Are you interested in our new serial, "The Pursuit of Patricia"?.....

Did you like "The Winged Temptation"?.....

In choosing a serial, if you were editor, you would try to secure a writer whose books were most popular with your readers. What book have you most enjoyed recently?..... .....

Do you like to read the intimate personal experiences of other women, such as: The Turning-Point in My Married Life (Jan.)..... The Marriage That Was Serious (Dec.)..... Why I Give Thanks (Nov.)..... Why I Am Taking Him Back (July).....?

Is there any special problem or situation you would like to see handled in one of these personal experience articles?..... .....

Do you like gossipy articles about the royal households of Europe? ..... About women who are prominent socially or because of their wealth?..... About women who are doing things, ("Making a Business of Being a Hostess"—Jan.).....?

Has The Friendship Village Neighborhood Club helped you?.....

What subjects would you like Zona Gale to take up in this department? .....

Do you like to hear about pageants given in other cities and towns? ..... Are you interested in directions for public entertainments along similar lines?.....

Were you especially pleased with the Betty Lyle Wilson cooking articles during 1913?.....

Do you like a page or two of music in the magazine?..... Vocal, or for piano?..... How often?.....

Do you enjoy our French letter?.....

Have our Lessons in Home Millinery helped you?.....

Have our Helps for Amateur Singers interested you?.....

Would you like us to print book news?..... Stage news?..... News of women's clubs?.....

Please check the departments on this list which, if you were editor, you would be sure to include in each issue of McCALL'S:

The Home Money-Making Department..... (What experience that we have printed has most interested you?) ....

The Home Dressmaking Lessons..... (Is there any special lesson you would like to have Mrs. Whitney give?) ....

Our Housekeeping Exchange..... (How could it be made even more helpful to you?).....

Making Dreams Come True..... (What is your special dream?) .....

Annette Beacon's Beauty Talks..... (Is there any subject you would like her to discuss?).....

Eleanor Otis's Entertainment Department..... (Is your special interest in parties for young people?..... For married people?..... For children?.....)

Elizabeth Armstead's Monthly Cooking Department..... (Which interest you most—fancy desserts, cakes, and novel receipts? ..... Or menus for every day?..... Are there any ideas you would like us to carry out in this department?..... .....

What Good Form Demands..... (Are there any problems of etiquette you would like Miss Randolph to write about?)..... .....

Have our Embroidery Departments been useful to you?..... What special articles for the home, personal wear, gifts, or other purposes would you like to see in this department?..... ....

How would you like these departments changed or added to?.....

What form of fancy work are you interested in? Needlework?..... And what stitches?..... ..... Crocheting?..... Knitting? ..... Tatting?..... Stenciling?..... What other?.....

Do our fashions suit your needs?..... .....

What fashion features would you like added, if any?..... .....

Are there children in your family, and what ages?.....

What special features would you like the magazine to include for them? .....

Are there any writers you would like to see in McCALL'S?..... .....

What features would you like added, or what subjects taken up?.... .....

(You may attach a brief letter on this point.)

Are there any departments or features you would drop out if you were editor? .....

Name .....

Street .....

Town .....

State .....

OUR FORECAST FOR FEBRUARY

AT LAST we have met Patricia, the charming, unspoiled American girl who is the heroine of our new serial! You like her? Of course! So does David Harwich, as you may have noticed. Certainly, his philanthropic interest in pale shrinking Sophie Dogiel, so suddenly superseded by her radiant double, Patricia, is beginning to take on a different color. The February instalment, in deepening the mystery, only increases the interest of the story and leaves us quite as much excited about Patricia's fortunes as David himself.

The Problem of the Only Daughter

IN THIS day and age of decreasing families, the problem of the only daughter is no longer exceptional. Our mothers had four or five children; our grandmothers, ten; if we achieve one, two-thirds of us assume that our full duty to the commonwealth has been discharged. But what about our duty to Daughter? Look about you at the only daughters of your own acquaintance. Is it not the exceptional one who is sweet and unselfish, frank and natural? In our February number, one mother will open her heart to us in *What I Did for My Only Daughter*, in the hope that the realization which has come to her too late may carry a lesson to some other woman.

MARGUERITE BARCLAY, CO-AUTHOR OF THE PEGGY STORIES

Introducing Peggy

WHEN you have read the clever Peggy story in the January number, you will be in just the frame of mind properly to appreciate our announcement of a second Peggy story in February. Peggy is such a delightfully inconsequent young woman, and so adorably in earnest in her attempt to find a career which shall render her independent of Uncle John's will and Cousin John's "mania for marriage"! Her experience in "flicking the keys" as a typist may perhaps have prepared you for further adventures of a decidedly entertaining character, and you may be sure her debut, in February, as *Miss Peggoty Day, The Whistling Girl,* will not disappoint you. You will be glad to know that we have one or two more Peggy stories up our sleeve. Indeed, if you like them as much as we think you will, we have half an idea we could even persuade Marguerite and Armiger Barclay to add to the little store we have on hand. Better let us hear from you!

Our Valentine number has some extra good love stories. *Cupid and the Cinder,* by Hilda Barnes, is a perfectly modern 1914 love story which begins in an automobile and ends in a hospital; while *The Day Transcendent,* by Lilian Ducey, a tale of reunited lovers, makes even the heart of St. Valentine glad.

Kisses That Have Made History

FEBRUARY being the month consecrated to the pretty follies of love and lovers, even a sedate editor may be pardoned for a lingering interest in the things of romance. At any rate, we found ourselves pondering over the wars that have been made, the empires overthrown—just for a lover's kiss. And we at once asked Ada Patterson to retell for us some of the quaint stories of those *Kisses That Have Made History.* That's why you will learn in February of Mary of Burgundy, and Gualdrada of Germany, and Margaret of France, and how and who and why they kissed.

The Month of Three Birthdays

A MONTH which can boast of three birthdays—Washington's, Lincoln's, and St. Valentine's—is sure to be a festal one, so Eleanor Otis's clever suggestions for *Ye Olde Time Sewing Bee* and *A Hearts and Darts Party* will fill a real need. Neither has Elizabeth Armstead forgotten February's special requirements, as is proved by her *Carefully Planned Menus for Evening Entertaining.* Our embroidery departments are full of ideas for *Dainty Valentine Gifts* easily made, not even *The Newest Baby* being forgotten.

The Beau Brummel Blouse

THE very latest note in smartness has been sounded by *The New Beau Brummel Blouse,* for which you will find not only patterns and illustrations in our February number, but a helpful Home Dressmaking Lesson by Margaret Whitney. There will be tunics and more tunics, plain and hooped, and the bustle begins to make its appearance in the new sashes tied to simulate a bustle effect. You'll be interested in the February fashions! Evelyn Tobey tells us how to make *New Hats From Old,* and not one of us but should be able to boast some smart velvet or plush headgear after mastering the instructions she furnishes.

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CINCINNATI

Many women who now use Ivory Soap three times a day for washing dishes began in this way:

Whenever their odd pieces of fine china had to be washed they naturally turned to Ivory just as they would think of using nothing else for their fine linens, laces, etc.

The use of Ivory Soap for this exacting work proved so satisfactory—it made the dishes so scrupulously clean without harming their delicate decorations and it left the hands so soft and smooth—that they soon began to use it for the general dish-washing.

If you do not wash your dishes with Ivory Soap this is an excellent way to test it and find out for yourself that its use is a real economy. Wash some of your better china with it; its all-around superiority due to its purity, mildness and freedom from alkali will be so evident that you will be glad to do all your dish-washing in the same way.

IVORY SOAP. . . . . 99 44/100% PURE

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January **McCALL'S MAGAZINE** 1914

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

BY THE EDITOR

INTO every editorial office come hundreds of letters — always welcome—praising or criticising individual features which have attracted the notice of readers. In interestedly reading some such letters the other day, your own editor, the editor of McCall's, came across a sentence beginning, "If I were editor". Suddenly an overpowering curiosity seized her to find out what would really happen if every reader of McCall's were, in turn, its editor.

And, so, we put the question to you, to-day: What would you do with McCall's Magazine, if you were editor?

On page 4 you will find a list of questions. If you will take the trouble to place a check mark or write "Yes" or "No" after each question, and mail to us with your name and address, we will make it our special aim to see that every expressed wish of the majority is carried out in the magazine for 1914, in addition to the long list of good things which we have already carefully planned.

You will notice we have given you the opportunity to suggest new features that you would add, or new subjects that you would like taken up, if you were editor. You may, if you choose, attach a brief letter to your filled-out list, to make those suggestions as clear as you desire.

ASIDE from the added interest the magazine will have for you, from your thus becoming a temporary member of the editor's staff, we take pleasure in offering fifteen prizes for the suggestions and criticisms which seem to us most helpful; this will be further incentive:

For the best list and letter, $10.00.
For the next best, $5.00.
For the third best, $3.00.
For the fourth best, $2.00.
For the ten next best, $1.00 each.

Here is your opportunity to secure just the special features you would include in the magazine if you were editor.

Where several stories or departments appear in our list on page 4, we will assume that those you leave without a check you do not particularly enjoy, while the number of checks opposite the others will indicate to us the order of their interest to you. Thus, one check may mean "good"; two checks, "better"; three checks, "best". If you are a new subscriber and have not read all the features we mention, note this fact opposite the questions you cannot answer. We shall not be satisfied unless we receive a filled-out list from every subscriber on our list. Don't be modest and think *your* opinion is of no importance; if you are a reader of McCall's, it is of the utmost value to us. Let us have it; send it along to-day!

THIS is a contest in which any reader of McCall's may take part. These prizes will not be awarded for literary merit. We do not care how the answers to our questions, or the brief little suggestions, are worded. What we want is a very clear picture, indeed, of your opinions—*your* opinions—about the various features and departments of McCall's Magazine. The list and letter which gives us the clearest and most accurate picture of the writer's opinion of McCall's will win the first prize, should that opinion be complimentary or the reverse.

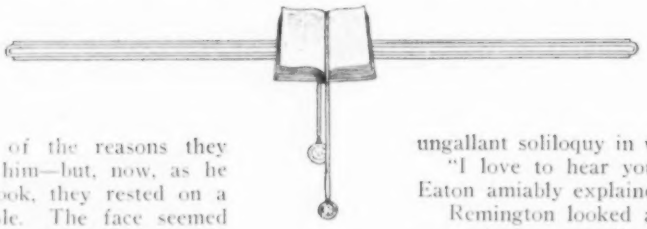
If you attach a letter, write in ink, and on one side of the paper only; and be sure both list and letter bear your name and full address. Letters should be received at our office on or before February 1st, addressed to the If I Were Editor Contest, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City. The prizes will be awarded as soon thereafter as careful consideration permits.

Won't you consider this list of questions as a personal visit from the editor? If we all lived in the same town, she would drop in for a cup of afternoon tea and a friendly chat—perhaps, she may even do that some day; she often thinks of it—and then questions could fly back and forth in more intimate fashion. Since that is impossible, for the present, won't you feel—what is truly so—that this page of questions represents her warm interest in your interests, and, by answering her in the way she has made easy for you, return the editor's call?

A CHAPTER IN REVELATIONS

BY MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY P. J. ROSENMEYER



REMINGTON had paid no attention to any one in the car—Remington never did pay attention to people in general or, for that matter, to most people in particular, which was one of the reasons they naturally paid so much to him—but, now, as he raised his eyes from his book, they rested on a familiar face across the aisle. The face seemed to have been waiting its chance, for it immediately smiled a recognition, to Remington's intense annoyance.

There was no definite reason for the annoyance. This sister of Tom Eaton's was no worse than most girls—but, then, she was no better. Remington had endured one mortal hour of boredom at her side at dinner only a week ago. It wasn't likely, he pessimistically reflected, that she had thought of anything interesting to say in the meantime. And she was on the same train with him, the same car, all but the same seat! However, there was the smoker. Meanwhile, his sense of duty—to Tom—disinterred his six feet from a comfortable lounge in the corner of his section and sent him across the aisle.

"This is some surprise," he laconically stated, and, being natively most honest, did not think to add that it was also a pleasure.

Miss Eaton agreed that it was a surprise, and moved slightly to one side. Remington sat down.

"Going far?" he inquired.

"Montana."

Montana! The very dickens! She'd be on the train three mortal days! Why on earth didn't she get off at Denver? There was a lot to see at Denver. Aloud, he delivered himself of the sparkling comment, "Ah!"

He waited; then he remembered that Milly Eaton was no talker. He remembered it with disgust, for he had no patience with that fine theory, current in literature, of woman's charm as a listener. It was all very well for her to listen when a fellow felt like talking, but until he had something to say it was a woman's job to fill gaps and build up the conversation. Miss Eaton was clearly a shirker. But some one had to say something; so he offered:

"I remember now, you said something the other night about going West."

"And you didn't say anything about going," Miss Eaton rejoined.

"Didn't know it myself, then. But there's something wrong at one of the mines and father couldn't get away."

"Nothing very wrong, I hope?"

NO; SOME trouble between the manager and the men, and father wants to get the rights of it. Great man for facts."

"You are too, aren't you?" she suggested hesitantly.

"Rather. Facts are the most interesting things in the world, to my notion."

There was a pause.

"Nice time of year," said Remington.

"Oh, very."

"Ever been out there before?"

"No."

Remington considered that he had done his duty, and cast a stealthy glance at his book, abandoned on the opposite seat. It was a bully book—full of facts, economic facts. Then he saw that Miss Eaton had a book half closed in her hands and he seized joyfully upon the cue.

"I'm keeping you from your reading; I know you want to go on with it," he asserted, preparing to rise.

Vain hope! "Oh, no, I don't," stated Miss Eaton flatly. "Do stay."

He sank back. "Stupid little goat!" he fumed to himself. It pains one to record it, but such was the ungallant soliloquy in which he was indulging.

"I love to hear you make conversation," Miss Eaton amiably explained.

Remington looked around at her quickly. She was grinning, actually grinning at him! He hadn't suspected her of so much assurance—she had such a violet-by-the-mossy-stone air about her. He let his long limbs stretch out into a line of more permanent comfort.

"I'm through," he laughed. "Try your hand at it."

She shook her head, smiling faintly. "No; do let me take lessons. I want to see how it's done. I never know what to say to people."

"That's because you women never say the simple, elemental things," Remington sagely expounded. "You're always casting about for some artificial bait of speech that will stimulate curiosity or interest, something that will either set yourself up in a good light or lead up to a man's favorite hobby. You don't use speech for real self-expression any more than you use clothes for real covering. That's why nine-tenths of the talk between men and women is utterly stupid."

"And it's the woman's fault, of course?" murmured Miss Eaton in deep interest.

MAINLY. You won't tell the simple truth, and truth is so much more interesting than any of your glossing fabrications."

"Our glossing fabrications!" she repeated in an odd voice. Then, smiling: "It would be very interesting to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," she confessed. "I'd like to try."

"Do," he advised. He was slightly amused; what prompt playing up to his hobby!

"All right, I shall," the girl decided. "And I'll begin on you, right now."

"Good."

"And you must do the same: say honestly what you really think."

"I always do."

"I really think you do, more than most men. You are very natural—like a big boy who isn't self-conscious. That's probably why you have such a reputation for being rude."

"Have I?"

"Yes; but don't grieve. They consider it fascinating."

"What nonsense!" he laughed. "But don't you see," he pointed out, "how much more natural and interesting our talk becomes as soon as we talk of what is really so?"

"You mean so soon as we talk about you!"

"What a vixen you are! I never suspected it!"

"It was one of the simple, elemental things I was not revealing. But there have been times when I felt I actually hated you!" Her emphasis was so peppery that he was startled.

"But why?"

"Oh, for all the hours that I've suffered beside you—not able to say a single word that you thought worth attending to! And you never helped me out—not once. You just sat stoically there, as if you were waiting for the clock to release you, and I could see you swallowing yawns." She laughed, rather excitedly.

This was so vividly a true version of Remington's attitude that he had the grace to grow decidedly red. "Oh,

come," he said uncomfortably; "this time it's all right, isn't it? You certainly have made me show interest."

"You gave me the formula."

"Well, you stick close to it. What part of Montana are you going to?" he questioned, anxious to get away from the topic of his past behavior. No use harping upon that. He'd probably been a bit of a pig.

"Missoula."

"Making a long visit?"

"I'm not making any visit. I don't know a soul there. I'm going out to teach school."

"Teach school!" He sounded his puzzlement. He had never heard that she had ever taught school. And he was sure that he had known her all her grown-up years. "Isn't this something new for you?"

"Yes, it is. I accepted the offer upon impulse."

"Well, I expect it's very interesting work."

"I expect it's very horrid work," she stated flatly. "They always overwork new teachers, and I'm simply scared to death at thought of the boys!"

"Then why on earth—" he began, for he knew Tom's affairs too well, or thought he did, to imagine any financial reason for Tom's sister to rush off from her home to the unknown West to a task she dreaded; then he checked himself.

She took him up. "Why on earth am I doing it?"

"I suppose that is what I was going to say. I beg your pardon; it simply slipped out in my surprise."

"Your surprise that Tom's sister was going to earn her living?"

He nodded. "I didn't know that bee had got to you."

"What bee?"

"Oh, the 'financially independent' kind, or else the 'career'," he said lightly, glancing at her. "I suppose you're after something like that."

SHE shook her head, smiling queerly. "A career!" she scoffed. Then suddenly she looked about at him, faintly flushing. "And it isn't because I'm not happy there at home, either—that Tom's wife isn't perfectly sweet to me," she said quickly. "You mustn't think that!"

His uncomfortable look showed her that some such explanation had presented itself to him, and she went on insistently: "Sue makes it just as nice for me, just as much like an own home for me as she can. It's not Sue I want to get away from. It's East Meridian."

"East Meridian's good enough. It's a pretty fair burg, I think," said Remington.

"Then why do all the young men go away from it?"

"Oh, it hasn't opportunity."

"Well, it hasn't opportunity for me, either!"

He looked down on her, smiling quizzically at the rather tense defiance in her small voice. There was something drolly little-girlish about her ways.

"Opportunity for what?" he questioned teasingly.

She looked straight ahead of her, the delicate color deepening in her cheeks. But her voice expressed only a resolute matter-of-factness. "Opportunity to get married!"

"To get ma—!" If she had exploded a firecracker under his nose he wouldn't have looked more surprised. Then he broke into laughter.

"It's all very well for you to laugh," she returned defensively, turning to look at him now, her eyes—and they were nice eyes, somewhere between blue and gray—sparkling with bright defiance, "but just suppose that you were a girl in East Meridian, and almost all the young men had gone away to make their fortunes, and there was nobody there you liked, and nobody hardly ever came to visit, and when they did there were dozens of prettier and brighter girls who always knew what to say! And suppose there were dozens and dozens of older women who were tragic examples of the girls who had stagnated there, just waiting, like yourself. I guess you'd want to get away!"

Remington was still laughing. "My hat, but you have business sense!" he chuckled. "'Go West, young man'—and go after him, young woman!"

Miss Eaton made no response, for a moment, to this simple pleasantry. She turned away her face, and Remington, glancing down after a minute's silence, saw no laughter in her profile. She was biting her lips, and the color had faded from her face.

"IT WOULD BE VERY INTERESTING TO TELL THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE TRUTH, AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH," SHE CONFESSED. "I'D LIKE TO TRY."

"I might have known you would say that," she said in a low but tense voice.

"Say—what?"

"Something rude—and jeering. But you're quite right—I deserved it. I should never have said what I did to you—even in fun. I should never have said it."

"Said what?"

"That—that I—wanted—to get married." Her voice sank lower and lower. Her face was more and more averted from him, so that all that remained of her profile was the tip of her nose, a white cheek, and a rigid little chin.

Remington had never been so dumfounded in his life. This was truth with a vengeance! What had he said—what had he done? He wouldn't have hurt her feelings for worlds; she was such a funny, little-girl piece of

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THE TURNING POINT IN MY MARRIED LIFE

BY THE WIFE OF AN AVERAGE HUSBAND

ILLUSTRATED BY P. J. ROSENMEYER

A WISE little grandmother said to me the week before my marriage: "People marry for all sorts of reasons; but if Love helps to build their house, Love finds a way of repairing every damage they may do to it."

"Love must be a master-mason, then," I retorted, merely for the sake of the repartee. Young things, in love, are that way—hiding their Romance beneath a veneer of careless, indifferent gaiety.

But the wise one was not to be silenced so easily. She was keen of wit, and keener still of tongue. And she shook her head in emphatic refutation. "Love is a magician, not a mason." Her old eyes twinkled. "As you'll find out—as I hope you'll find out. Only supernatural powers could ever patch up some breaches our hurricane humors cause to our homes."

Old and young, frivolous and serious, were busy inoculating me with their ideas and formulas for marriage, these last days before I took up its responsibilities for myself, but, of them all the mellow philosophy of this little grandmother, seasoned with wit and understanding, went straight to my heart and was recorded there.

Love built our house—or so we thought; yet Jim and I had been married only six months, six gloriously rapturous months, when we suddenly discovered that something had happened to our love. In plain words, the tremendousness had gone out of it, the old-time thrills, that we-don't-need-another-soul-in-the-world-but-ourselves feeling. And as I realized this, I felt as if the end of all things had come.

Now, every married couple that has started out with Love has had to live through this period. But not every pair of married lovers recognizes in advance the inevitableness of the waning honeymoon; they expect their love to be keyed to the concert pitch "till the sands of the desert grow cold" and "the leaves of the Judgment book unfold", and forget to notice that when the halo on the loved one's head grows dimmed and dented, and seems to be losing its glory, it is but taking on individuality.

JIM came home one evening—a Saturday, it was—and light-heartedly announced that he and a few of the others from the office were going to the fishing-banks on Sunday. Had he said he was going to Reno for a divorce, I could not have been more astounded. Leave me for a whole long day! That he should even want to leave me!

I remember putting the finishing touches to our evening meal in a sort of daze that did not lift, even for the fraction of a second, as he talked on. I could not eat. Neither could I speak during that entire dinner. And at last my silence penetrated his delighted consciousness. He looked at me amazed.

"What's the matter, Bess?" he asked.

For a moment I made him no answer. Then, in a small hurt voice, I replied:

"I don't want you to go, Jim—to-morrow."

"Don't want me to go!" There was a flash in Jim's eyes. But in his customary jovial tone, that, nevertheless, held an irritating touch of irony, he added: "Oh, cut the apron-strings for a day, honey, and let me go."

Foolish as it seems to say it now, he might have stabbed me with a knife and inflicted a lesser hurt. Had it appeared to him that he was being kept tied to my apron-strings? Had he been spending all his leisure time with me for any other reason than because he wanted to? Had he forgotten that he had married Elizabeth Mason, the daughter of the richest and most influential man in our town, the girl who had turned away well-to-do suitors to marry a comparatively poor clerk?

My pride was up in arms. I did not say a word more; but I mentally vowed that I would never so much as lift a finger thereafter to keep Jim at my side.

So Jim went to the fishing-banks, and I kept my vow.

You know it only takes an insignificant match to start the fuse that creeps toward the deadly dynamite. A crumbling stone will start a landslide. And these inconsequential quarrels between a married pair pave the way for connubial cataclysms. For a man and woman, especially before they have grown to have much in common but their natural love, will find so many things about which to disagree. And it was natural love, no more, no less, which had mated Jim and me, as it does so many others. It had come to us at youth's carnival time, when Nature is the mightiest lawmaker and keeps sounding the tocsin to the mating and nesting instincts within us, then leaves us to make a haven out of the ravels she has contributed.

JIM and I were almost diametrically opposite types of beings, nor had we made any attempt to adopt each other's interests. I was a mouse of a girl, naturally domestic. There wasn't a thing in that little home of ours which displeased me to do. And this in spite of the fact that I had done little or almost nothing about the house before marrying. Again, I liked books. They were the medium which interpreted the world to me. Jim, on the other hand, after he had grown calm about me—and possession does give such a different color to romance, say what we will—took his experience first-hand. He lived Life; I read it. To be sure, he often invited me to go gamboling with him over the green fields of Life. But I wasn't the gamboling kind, young though I was. Nor was I check sufficient to prevent him from gamboling.

I see now that I had cut out our mutual life from the one pattern—mine. And Jim wouldn't measure to it at all—"measure up", I put it in those days. What a crude balance a woman will sometimes use to weigh a man!

As the months went by, I noted, with heart-sickening pangs, that our love was failing us, that we were not making of marriage what I had dreamed it would be. We fairly battered ourselves against each other's individuality, neither willing to give way. And this when we both had love natures so strong as occasionally to sweep every estrangement into temporary insignificance. Yet the disintegration of our affection kept on. There were days when I could not bear the sight of Jim—or he of me, I imagine.

It was during such a period, when our relations were strained to the snapping-point, that my husband elected to

take one of his recreation jaunts. One morning, while dressing, he announced the fact that there was a prize-fight in Troy that evening which he must see, and that, being Saturday, he would leave the office at noon, going directly from there. He said he would spend the night in Troy and come home some time on Sunday, and suggested that I had better go to my father's and mother's for the night, so as not to be in the house alone.

I am sure that I am not the only woman to whom prize-fights represent the acme of brutality. To me they have always seemed the most degrading of sports. And Jim's predilection for them was one of the grievances about which these early days of our married life had festered. So now I looked at him, while the stone crumbled and the sputtering fuse neared the dynamite.

"Well?" He wheeled quickly. I had not said a word, but he had learned to know the betraying pause. He had an air of one riding into the lists to battle, ready for the fray. We faced each other for one long moment, then I broke the tense silence.

"Well?" I echoed. And if I had needed any further spur to my tongue his manner supplied it.

"Going to be sensible about it?" he flung at me before I had had a chance to open fire.

I looked him in the eye, and if only a tithe of the fury that filled me was reflected there, he had his answer to the question. When I did speak my voice ate into the early morning sunshine that filled our room as acid will eat into a piece of beautiful cloth.

"If you go to that prize-fight I *will* go to mother's. And if I go, remember, I go for good. I'll never come back."

Our eyes held each other's. For a moment that seemed to stretch itself into eternity, Jim's hand, with the end of the tie he was bowing, remained poised. Then he suddenly laughed—a low growl of a laugh.

"Guess I'll chance it!" And he turned back to the mirror.

DO YOU know, I firmly believe that most young married people's quarrels have absolutely no more sinister background to them than this of ours. The graver offenses are the exception rather than the rule. And yet the trivial occasions of difference precipitate equally disastrous tragedies.

I went home. I hired a carriage and went at night—I and my trunk—hoping to avoid the notice of the neighbors.

Of course, my parents were amazed, angry, bewildered. They did not know exactly how to take me, because I would not explain my appearance, except to say that I had come to stay, I had come back home—that was all; and I hoped they would make it as easy for me as possible by not asking questions.

I shall never forget those first few days of liberty. No released prisoner ever breathed deeper of his freedom, felt freer. The birds on wing were my only peers. I was myself again, an individual, no longer held by any bond that chafed or galled. I was safe from indifference, neglect, indignity. And then, suddenly as a careening monoplane, I toppled from the heights.

An individual, I? Why, in every fiber of my being I felt the tug of an invisible bond, holding me close to—Jim; drawing me back, making me part of him, and he of me again, against all sense of wrong, of incompatibility, against, it seemed to me, all reason. I was indignant, rebellious, inexorable—but, from the first moment of my recognition of it, it never ceased its urge. No matter what interests I took up, they held only second place.

It was quite natural, and her age made it permissible, that the little, old grandmother next door should search out her opportunity and take me to account. One moonlight night, enveloped in that mysterious intimacy which a summer evening begets, I told her what I had done, and why. One finds a confidence of this sort easier to make to an outsider than to any of one's own family.

GRANDMOTHER WELLS listened without interrupting. Now and then she patted my hand, and nodded her head with swift comprehension. When I had done, she said:

"Marriage is a tie you can't dissolve, my dear, even when you will to do so. You haven't discovered that yet? Well, you will—and soon. Soon!" She paused to give my hand a sympathetic squeeze; then, with that inimitable manner of hers, half-merry, wholly serious, she went on to say:

"Once a man and woman have traveled down the road of Life and Knowledge together, they can't get away from the fruit of the experience. Wedlock leaves a mark like the lockstep on a prisoner. Your step will always halt, alone. That is Nature's all-conjuring scheme of things."

"Then we ought to improve on Nature." I was looking at the moon with an inspired aloofness, proud of the manner in which I was holding to my decision.

"Yes—and no." The voice of Grandmother Wells was soft, hesitant, a little note of challenge running through it. "If we could break away, escape as easily as you did, without any traces of the experience left upon our spirits, what would become of the world? Everybody would be up and tearing away at the least provocation, taking mate after mate, and finding out in the end that each one had his own

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"IF I GO, REMEMBER, I GO FOR GOOD. I'LL NEVER COME BACK."

PEGGY CHOOSES A CAREER

BY MARGUERITE AND ARMIGER BARCLAY

ILLUSTRATED BY H. FISK

IF A pen-picture of Miss Margaret Devenish—known to her intimates as Peggy—could be effectively written in a reasonable number of words, I should give it. I am not going to attempt it for a variety of reasons. In the first place, a catalogue of her charms would fill too great a space. In the second place, I am prejudiced in her favor. After saying that, I do not think I need bother about the third or any subsequent place.

Suppose I briefly set down the fact, and have done with it, that I have ardently desired to make Peggy Mrs. John Lascelles ever since she ceased trying to strangle me with a long and particularly thick pigtail which is now coiled up in the nape of her neck. I cannot succeed in getting beyond the "ardently desire", however—not that Peggy does not approve of me. Indeed, she likes me. But the point is, she shies at matrimony. You may have noticed that all the prettiest girls—the girls with the smallest feet, the silkiest and most abundant hair, the best teeth, the brightest eyes, the most vivacious, the sweetest-tempered, the best-dressed—in short, the first-prize girls in life's lottery, are generally like that.

Perversity, of course, has a great deal to do with it. Peggy and I are cousins—a great many times removed. Peggy is always harping on the prime fact, while I am continually reminding her of the mitigating clause—mitigating, that is, as far as matrimony is concerned. I firmly believe Peggy did want to marry me, only she would not say so out of a spirit of perversity, although, as far as money and Uncle John went—Uncle John was my sole relative—there was nothing whatever against me.

UNCLE JOHN must have been on my side, for, after his death his will disclosed that he had bequeathed fifteen thousand a year to his grand-niece, Margaret Devenish, provided she married his nephew, John Lascelles. Failing compliance with that condition, the said money to pass to the said nephew, who was empowered to allow the said niece the sum of seven hundred and fifty dollars per annum! Now, Peggy loves spending money, especially on beautiful attire. She appreciates all the good things of this world. She hates street-cars and hankers after taxis. Her tastes are all expensive. But, in spite of this, she definitely refused to marry me.

"Even if I loved you, Jack," she assured me tearfully, "I wouldn't now. I won't be coerced."

With Peggy, "I won't be coerced" means "I have put my small foot down, and though you wouldn't expect much resistance from No. 3's, you will find it difficult to move".

Then I tried to persuade her to go shares in the fifteen thousand. She refused pointblank. She has mad notions about independence, and elliptic views about earning money. She is satisfied that the acquisition of wealth is a matter of predilection, not experience.

"I can carve out a career for myself like other girls," she declared on the day I had proposed this. "Already this house is in the agents' hands, the servants have all had notice, and within a week I shall be in rooms. I shall find employment and be infinitely happier than you with your fifteen thousand."

Which was scarcely fair. Of course, Peggy had a real and very distinct grievance. Uncle John had adopted her at the age of five, when her mother died, and it was generally assumed he would leave everything to her unconditionally. But people had not counted on Uncle John's ever-present sense of humor.

"But supposing you can't find anything to do?" I persisted. "You're the dearest, sweetest girl in the world, Peggy, but I don't think—I really don't think you have many marketable talents."

Peggy tossed her head. "I can sing. As a concert singer——"

"In a large building, your voice would sound like a fly choking," I put in unkindly.

"But you've often said I have the nicest voice you ever—"

"In a drawing-room," I amended. "But, like yourself, it's small and sweet."

"I can write stories."

"And get them accepted?"

"I haven't tried," she returned loftily. "I don't write for publication, but for the love of the Art——"

"Peggy," I said seriously, "Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall, Humpty-Dumpty——"

NEVER did fall," she improvised quickly. "All the King's horses and all the King's men came out for nothing, and rode back again. So there! Jack, you'd better be going. And, by the way, you can, if you like, buy me half-a-dozen pairs of nice gloves out of your fifteen thousand."

I sent her the gloves, and a week later called at her new address about eleven o'clock in the morning, to take her out for a motor-drive.

I found her just ready to go out, in a neat little black dress that had Rue de la Paix written in every stitch of it.

"Can't stop," she cried, giving me a finger. "I'm a whole hour late as it is. Thanks awfully for the gloves, Jack. I've got a pair on now. And I look just like a typist, don't I?"

"A typist!" I exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"Well, I told you I meant to do something, didn't I? And I never let the grass grow under my feet. So I answered advertisements, and I'm now engaged as a shorthand-typist at ten dollars a week in a business man's office."

"What sort of a business man?" I demanded suspiciously. To myself I said, "This is awful!"

"Oh, quite an old fellow. About forty."

"But—you can't typewrite, to begin with——"

She flicked her fingers in my face derisively. "A B C, my dear Jack! I can play the piano, can't I? It's just the same thing. You've only got to flick the letters, and there you are!"

"But didn't he ask you——"

"Of course, he did. He asked me if I could type, and how fast, and would I just show him by typing a letter to his dictation. So I drew myself up—you know how I look when I draw myself up—and he changed the subject at once. He said, no doubt I was quite expert enough for him; and so I am."

"But—shorthand!"

"Oh, yes. He said 'good speed at shorthand?' And I answered: 'Well, it isn't the ordinary shorthand, but it's just as good and quite fast enough.' You know my way, Jack. I make an 'o' for 'of', and a line instead of 'the', a wiggle for 'and', and then one has plenty of time to get in all the long words that matter. After a few more questions, he waived my inexperience and engaged me to begin to-day at ten o'clock."

"And it's ten past eleven now!" I exclaimed.

"Well? You're responsible for the ten past, anyway," she returned easily. "And no sensible man ever expects a woman to be punctual."

"In matters of pleasure, no. In business—always. You'll see!"

"You can drive me there in your car," she condescended. "Perhaps, if Mr. Goldstein is inclined to be horrid, he'll be less so when he sees a beautiful motor-car and fifteen thousand a year outside his door."

"Peggy, why will you throw that awful money in my face?" I groaned. "I haven't touched a penny of it. It'll accumulate and accumulate——"

"Poof!" she answered, "talk of something else." The chauffeur tucked the rug around her, and she gave him the address. "Don't you think my dress is the very latest thing in typishness?" she asked.

"It's nearly as fascinating as you are," I assured her.

"And in good taste?"

"Irreproachable!"

"That's all right." She settled herself comfortably. "Then the hour late won't matter. Though I don't believe Goldstein notices dresses much. He only looks at figures. He's a financier, and is broke."

"Bankrupt?" I asked, horrified. "Then what is the use——"

"He brokes——"

"Oh, you mean a broker."

"Of course! That's what I said. How you do twist one's meaning around, Jack! We're nearly there. I wonder if he'll be looking out of the window for me. If he isn't, he won't see you."

"Peggy," I said desperately, "suppose you don't get on with Mr. Goldstein, after all! Suppose you find you can't type—quickly enough, I mean."

"Well, then, I shall send for you."

"And marry me?"

"Jack," she said solemnly, slipping her little hand into mine, "it's an awfully serious sign when people get one special idea on the brain. With some it's microbes, or thinking they're the Shah of Persia. With you it's marriage, marriage, marriage!"

"It's not my fault," I protested. "You put it into my head."

"You can't say I haven't tried to get it out," she retorted. "Here, stop the man! We're going past."

"Let us go past," said I desperately. "I've a good mind not to let you out, Peggy, until you've promised to marry me."

"Speak to the man," she said peremptorily, tapping my arm. "You won't? Jack! You're a monster!"

"Look here, Peggy," I said, "do you keep on refusing me because you dislike me, or because——"

"Because!" she answered. "That's why. And if you'll tell the man to turn around, Jack, I'll promise to marry you——"

I shouted instructions to the chauffeur.

"——some day," she added, when we had backed, and the car had come to a standstill.

"Perhaps," was her wicked qualification as she stepped on to the pavement. "Good-by, Jack. I hope old Mr. Goldstein has seen you."

I hoped he had, too. I wanted that gentleman to see that Peggy had a friend who was simply aching to champion her cause—or give another man a licking for her.

I drove straight back to my rooms, and spent the rest of the morning thinking about Peggy and wondering how she was getting on—flicking the keys with her fingers. If Goldstein should give her any bookkeeping to do! I trembled at the thought. At the back of my mind lay another reason for staying at home. If Peggy did happen to want me, she would send a message there first, rather than anywhere else. Then I began to speculate as to where she would lunch. I supposed at a wretched little lunch counter, on a cup of coffee and a roll.

"HAVE YOU COME TO TAKE HER AWAY? YOU HAVE? DON'T WASTE TIME! DON'T WASTE TIME!"

At twelve-thirty, happening to be at the window, I saw a special messenger run up the steps. For me, of course! I opened the door myself. He handed me a penciled envelope inscribed "Mr. Jack Lascelles. Immediate!" And, from it, I drew out a typewritten communication from Peggy:

My? D;ar, jA?cK:
p lE!ase C o M e and!¼¾ fetCH £me At on;ce", This oSd WREth !? sayS i cant TYPe, whic|h IS Rub biSh. as Yon see I—! ca¼n tyze bea½u-?tfUy. Zou HAve only Got: to F£ick the Keys aS i (saiD.: AnYway I can½t St nd anY mOR e ; — So be Quick £.

PE??Y.

A quarter of an hour saw me exceeding the speed limit on my way to rescue Peggy. There was no sign of her outside the office, and so I went in. The first door on the top landing had "E. F. GOLDSTEIN" in black lettering upon it. I turned the knob and, pushing open the door, went in.

Peggy, with a crimson face and blazing eyes, was pulling on her gloves. A man whom I took to be Mr. Goldstein was walking up and down in a fume.

"You can't have learned, girl," he was repeating. "I'll bet my boots you've never touched a typewriter before——"

"Of course, I haven't!" blazed Peggy. "And that just shows how clever I am to be able to play—I mean, operate on it so beautifully for the first— Oh, Jack! Here you are! I was never so insulted in my life."

"What's the matter?" I asked pacifically of her irate employer, who, I was prepared to believe, might have

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A RESURRECTED NEW YEAR

BY KATHARINE LORD

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

"OF COURSE, you will stay until after New Year's?"

"Why, I don't know whether I can," I began weakly after a second's hesitation.

"Oh, you must," Aunt Martha interrupted, a curious sound of dread in her voice. "You know, I've no folks to invite, and no folks to invite me even if I could go, and—it's an awful day, New Year's is, anyway." She finished with as near a sob as the stanch old woman had ever permitted herself.

"Of course, I will stay, you dear old thing." I don't believe it was the conscious I who said that, but some sub-conscious half of me that took command until I could master my disappointment, for a long-planned series of New Year's festivities was awaiting me in the city. But Aunt Martha wanted me, and that settled it. For I had not had my Aunt Martha long—we had discovered each other only a year ago, this aged and distant relative and I—and, like her, I had almost no "folks". When she had fallen ill, what more natural than that I should drop everything and come to her? And, of course, I would spend Christmas with her. But, now that she was well again, I had expected to go back for New Year's.

"But, why is New Year's so awful, Aunt Martha?" I asked. "I always thought it the very jolliest sort of a day."

"So it should be," answered the dear old lady. "But," she added with a sigh, "it ain't any such thing in Pleasant Valley."

Then she laughed, that rippling, surprisingly girlish laugh that is one of Aunt Martha's many charms.

"You've told me all about your pageants and your festivals, and how folks have taken to celebratin' everything from the Declaration of Independence to the cat's birthday by riggin' up in their grandmothers' clo's and prancin' around the streets. Now, let me tell you how we celebrate New Year's."

"You watch the old year out, I suppose, and drink cider, and roast apples, and nuts," I put in, thinking of stories I had read about country celebrations.

"Not we! No, indeed! In the first place, it isn't considered quite respectable, nor hardly safe, to be out New Year's Eve. A few hoodlum boys go around blowing horns, and unhinging gates, and playing pranks generally. Why, last year, four or five boys broke into the Episcopal church and rang the bells like mad, and it was some time before anyone could get in to stop 'em, and then they got away. They were all rigged up like Indians so no one could recognize 'em, but, of course, every one knew that that Lewis boy was the ringleader.

"How did they know it was the Lewis boy?" I asked.

"Why, he's always up to pranks, and he especially loves to ring bells. He's done it before. His father gave him a good thrashing, and he only said it was worth it, 'making those bells sing', as he called it. You know, the Episcopals have a lot of bells—a chime—that can play the hymns if they're worked right. You'll hear them Christmas morning, for a man's comin' from the city special to play them. They were given to the church in memory of old Marcus Rowe—almost Popery, some folks think—but they don't often ring 'em. No one knows how."

"AND they don't ring them for the New Year, and no one watches the old year out?" I could hardly credit it.

"Oh, the Methodists have a watch-night service, but they have to creep around the back ways to avoid the hoodlums, and only a handful go, I understand. Then those Italians over on the bank set off fireworks, and get pretty noisy and rough. Once, their fireworks set fire to a building, and the men and boys are always prowling around the streets. It's a good time to stay in close, New Year's Eve is, in a town like this.

ABOUT A QUARTER TO TWELVE THE PEOPLE BEGAN TO COLLECT.

"And New Year's Day—well, it's the worst of them all! Did you ever think how many people there are who dread all holidays? It sets you thinkin' of them that's gone. Those who have folks invite 'em for dinner, but it's usually your second or third best relations you didn't want Thanksgiving or Christmas, or poor connections you feel obliged to notice some way. 'Round here, New Year's has got to be a day of left-overs, and everybody feels it so. It's certainly the uncheerfulest day we have."

"But, Aunt Martha, how awful, as you say, to begin the New Year with dreariness! Why, it ought to be the happiest day of all."

And all the time I was thinking of the New Year I had been looking forward to, the gay dinner-party and dance I was going to New Year's Eve, the pantomime of the old year and the new in which I was to take part at my club, the skating-party and luncheon next day, and in the afternoon and evening the reception at the home of a friend, for the old custom of New Year's calls was being revived.

Aunt Martha must have read my thought, for she went on: "You don't remember the days of New Year's calls,

do you, dearie? Well, when I was a young matron all the ladies were at home on New Year's afternoon and evening, and all the gentlemen went calling. And if anyone was ill or didn't want to receive, they hung a basket on the door, and the callers left cards in it. Often two or three ladies would get together and receive at one house. There goes the Lewis boy, now. He doesn't look so bad, does he?"

I LOOKED out the window and saw a merry-faced boy loping along the street, whistling loudly, with his hands thrust deep in the pockets of his coat, and skates and hockey-stick over his shoulder. He looked able and full of fun, not at all bad.

"Why, Aunt Martha," I laughed, "of course, he doesn't! He looks an awfully nice boy."

"But he did ring those bells," replied Aunt Martha doubtfully. "They say he's quite musical."

"Of course he did, but it was perfectly natural. Imagine those lovely bells, silent most of the time. Why doesn't someone learn to ring them? Why don't they teach the Lewis boy to ring them? He and the other boys would love to do it."

"That's so! I guess folks up here don't take enough time to think of things."

"Oh, Aunt Martha—let's have a regular New Year's Day in Pleasant Valley this year."

The old lady's eyes brightened, and the happy laugh was only a little deprecating.

"All that flummery you've been telling about?"

"Yes, why not?"

"I wonder how our folks would take to it. Some might think it kind of silly. Who would do all those things?"

"You, Aunt Martha, and the Lewis boy and 'Dago Tony' and me and everybody!" I was wild with enthusiasm, as plans rose more quickly in my mind than I could possibly tell them.

"There go the Barton girls, now. Let's call them in and tell them about it. You know, they sing in the choir."

"What has that to do with it?" asked Aunt Martha; then added, "Quick, child! run before they get by."

It would make too long a story to tell of the first astonishment of the Barton girls, then their interest, and, finally, their enthusiasm as Aunt Martha and I unfolded our plans. I say, advisedly, "Aunt Martha and I", for the dear old lady proved to be not only a good advocate, but a perfect mine of ideas and ingenuities.

It was in Aunt Martha's cozy sitting-room that the committee held its first meeting the day after Christmas, and a strange enough group it was to be dignified by such a name. There was the young rector of St. James', very formal and impressive, and there was the Lewis boy and another boy, rather embarrassed and almost wishing they hadn't come; and there was the leader of the Congregational choir; and there was Tony, the fruit-vender, who was to round up all his fellow country-folk; and there was Miss Browning, the village seamstress; and there was Mrs. Perkins, president of the Woman's Club; and there were two or three young girls eager for anything, no matter what; and the new librarian, and several others. Then, during the next few days, all these people did a great deal of calling and talking to interest the town in a community New Year, and, by the end of the week, nearly every one in the place was waiting eagerly for the day to come.

I suppose, in almost every town, there is some improvement needed that is talked about a great deal but never gets done. In Pleasant Valley it was the Library. It had been founded years ago, and given an endowment barely large enough for its maintenance. For new books it had to depend on subscriptions and chance gifts, and during the last few years interest had flagged. The Woman's Club had been engaged in working for much-needed sanitary improvements in the town; several of the library enthusiasts had died or moved away; and there seemed no one to push the matter. Perhaps, the fact that several people were moved to read up about old New Year's customs, and realized how run down the collection really was, may have suggested the supper.

SONG FOLLOWING SONG, UNTIL THE MIDNIGHT HOUR

WHATEVER the impulse, the Library Committee were galvanized into sudden activity and announced a waffle supper in the Town Hall from nine until a quarter to twelve on New Year's Eve. As the Town House stood directly on the village green, almost everyone dropped in and ate waffles preparatory to the caroling, which was to take place at midnight.

It was an ideal night, clear, crisply cold, with fresh snow on the ground. A waning moon seemed to delay its rising on purpose to come at just the right time. The plans had been widely discussed, and copies of the carols distributed to all who cared to learn them. The large chorus-choir of the Congregational church and the Episcopal boy-choir had practised diligently, and were to stand on the balcony of the Town Hall and lead the singing. About a quarter

to twelve the people began to collect, until a goodly crowd was walking slowly about the village green, the young girls with their holly-decked muffs, and the boys with sprigs of evergreen on their caps. Torches flared on the Town Hall steps, and here and there in the crowd the Italian women carried the tiny lighted tapers that are a part of almost every Italian celebration.

From the far end of the village there was heard the sound of men's voices in merry song, and presently there appeared a group of men and boys dressed like the old English waits, and singing the old song:

Here we come a-wassailing
Among the boughs so green—
Here we come a-wassailing,
So fair to be seen.

THEY stopped here and there before the houses of those that could not go out, and sang a catch or a stanza. At Thomas Browne's, where every one knew a golden wedding had just been celebrated, with many children and grandchildren gathered from far and near, they caroled:

God bless ye, master of this house,
Its mistress fair also,
And eke ye little children
That 'round ye table go.

You may be sure Aunt Martha had a special serenade. Old carols were abandoned for the time in favor of the dear old lady's known favorite, and no one cared for any incongruity as the waits sang:

The sun shines bright on my old Kentucky home;
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay—

They knew nothing would please Aunt Martha so much as this song of her girlhood home. And then they sang to the quaint old tune,

Hark! what music fills the sky,
Glory be to God on high,
Angels sing and hosts reply,
Hallelujah!

Song followed song after they reached the green, all joining happily, until just before the midnight hours. Then the oldest clergyman of the little town, standing high on the balcony, raised his hand for silence, and a solemn hush fell on the whole company, so that his short and simple invocation could be heard far down the street. As the village clock began to strike midnight the joy bells rang out, the bells of the three churches being rung in quick rotation, according to their tones, an arrangement taught by the bell-ringer who had come at Christmas to the group of so-called "bad boys" who had been forced by their high spirits in former years to pranks and mischief, but who now had an important and recognized part in the community greeting of the New Year.

THERE were, perhaps, ten minutes of bell-ringing; then the caroling was resumed for a few more minutes. "Ring Out, Wild Bells" was sung by a quartette; Tony and a crowd of the younger Italian men sang one of the beautiful old carols of their country.

"It Came Upon the Midnight Clear" and others of the dearest Christmas carols were not forgotten, even though that day was passed, and they ended with the quaint catch:

Christmas hath made an end
Well-a-day, well-a-day!
Which was my dearest friend,
More is the pity.
For with a heavy heart
Must I from thee depart
To follow plough and cart
All the year after.

The Methodists had come out from their watch-meeting to join in these later songs, and now all the quieter part of the crowd went slowly home; but the singers and the bell-ringers and sundry young folks induced the good waffle ladies to bake another batch and to brew again the fragrant coffee in which they drank wassail (good health) to each other for another hour, and added still more to the now bursting treasury of the Library!

The luck of Pleasant Valley held next morning in a glorious day of sunshine and clear air. The ice was perfect and the pond was crowded all day. In the afternoon and evening many matrons were "at home", and callers went to and fro in gaily decorated sleighs or on foot. At Judge Barton's a number of young girls were assisting the daughters of the house. They had rifled the attics, and rustled in their grandmothers' stiff silks, and managed their hoops with grace and an ease surprising to those who did not know of the jolly afternoons they had spent in practising the art.

One of the most satisfactory results of the day was the celebration in the Italian colony by the industrious but joy-loving men, women, and children who worked in the market gardens. By special invitation they had joined in the caroling on the green, and their song had been received with appreciative applause. Tony and a deputation of very cleaned-up and shining youths surprised the party at the Judge's house by a serenade, and were dragged in, pleased but embarrassed, to partake of coffee and ices; while a good many callers from the bigger houses dropped in at the tiny shacks in the back street and pledged the bright-eyed girls of Italy in the cherished Chianti brought from "home". It was Tony's idea to have their few fireworks down by the pond on New Year's night, so that the whole town could enjoy them, and it was a beautiful sight to see the rockets and Roman candles reflected in the clear ice. Having it so far away from the town, too, relieved the timid householder of his fear of fire.

FOR weeks afterward, Pleasant Valley patted itself on the back. The little town had long been a good worker; much had been done lately for municipal betterment, and for a place of its size, it was notably progressive and up-to-date. Now it had learned that it was worth while to play.

There was no trace of rowdyism on New Year's Eve, formerly a time much dreaded by the quiet and law-abiding. The little foreign colony, a source of anxiety to the fearful, its celebration recognized, had held itself within bounds, and there had been none of those unpleasant contretemps that do sometimes occur among these excitable people. Neglected old people had been remembered, old acquaintances renewed, and a general feeling of community good-will established. Two by-products of the day well worth while were that the Lewis boy was taught to ring the chimes, and gladly gave his services to the little church each Sunday morning; and that the Library, with its new books, took on a new lease of life.

Perhaps, Aunt Martha's day was the happiest of all. The basket, hung on her front door, was brimming over with cards, while a few privileged old friends were admitted at the side door.

Hannah, who had served and bullied Aunt Martha for thirty years, said that, of course, we must entertain company for dinner.

"What ef you ain't got no relations?" she answered our faint protests. "There's folks enough who are lonesome on New Year's Day!"

"I will ask Dr. Brandon and George," said Aunt Martha. "They have no relations here, and have always entertained strangers. With Mary gone, it will be lonely for them."

So we had our quietly happy dinner with the two lonely men, and later, when (pranked out in Aunt Martha's wedding clothes, a lilac silk and mink cloak, and oh! the most heavenly bonnet with rosebuds inside the brim) I went off to help the Barton girls, one of Aunt Martha's oldest friends came in to stay with her and share her few visitors and a quiet tea.

"Well, dearie," said Aunt Martha next day, "how did you like your New Year's Day in Pleasant Valley?"

"It has been the happiest New Year of them all," I said.

THE PURSUIT OF PATRICIA

A SERIAL STORY

BY EUNICE TIETJENS

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID ROBINSON

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—As an expert in antique jewelry, David Harwich's interest is aroused by a wonderfully wrought jeweled cigarette-case brought to his office by a beautiful young woman. Her pallor and evident need of money awaken his sympathies, but he cannot purchase the case without time for examination. She is about to leave it and return later, when he accidentally touches a spring which discloses a secret panel bearing a jeweled coat of arms. In agitation she reclaims the case and departs. David calls at the address she has given him, with the idea of being of some assistance, but is denied admittance by a man whose face is vaguely familiar. Later, he recalls him as a speaker at a Free Thought Club, and, as a matter of curiosity, determines to attend a meeting of the club. Here he sees Sophie Dogiel, but with her pallor and sadness replaced by the glow of health and joy. She meets his eye without recognition, and accords the same treatment to the man whom he has that afternoon seen at the door of her room—Brunoff, the speaker of the evening. Later, however, Brunoff is introduced to her, and before the evening has closed he leaves the meeting with her party, which includes a woman so like her as evidently to be her sister, and a man. David, having decided in the meantime that this is not Sophie but someone strangely like her, follows out of curiosity and a premonition that she may need a friend.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Harwich reached the street after the dinner with the Free Thought Club, the little party of four whom he sought were already half a block away, walking on in the leisurely fashion of people whose minds are still on what they have left behind them. David followed at a safe distance, his tall, loosely-knit figure swinging along with the ease of an athlete. His perfect condition was the envy of his friends.

They crossed over to Broadway, turned north for a few blocks, and, finally, on one of the upper Twenties, turned west again.

Harwich looked at his watch and was surprised to find that it was only half after nine. He guessed that the girl and her friends, finding it too early to start home, were going to another restaurant to blot out the taste of the Free Thought dinner. Presently, this surmise was proved correct, for they turned in at a semi-Bohemian place famed for its cooking, and instead of going up-stairs, where women of their type usually dined if they dined there at all, went into the room on the ground floor.

He was surprised, because he had decided that the girl was the sort of person his sisters would like to know, and that this trip to the Free Thought Club had been purely a sightseeing expedition. In spite of his somewhat adventurous career, David was at heart a conservative, and, in his confidential moments, he confessed to an ingrained fondness for conventions. So it puzzled him a little that this girl and her companions, of such undoubtedly high breeding, should have chosen to dine on the ground floor of this particular restaurant. But presently he remembered Brunoff. Of course! There was the explanation. They had gone there on Brunoff's invitation.

AT THE door David hesitated. To follow them seemed like the business of a spy. But his interest was so genuinely roused that he conquered the instant's repulsion and went in. He found an empty table near the door and sat down, facing the room, with the entrance on the left.

The room was perfectly familiar to him. Farther on, to the left, on the same side of the building, was another door he knew, partially hidden from him now by the cashier's desk. The musicians' platform, banked with palms, was directly in front of this desk, and the two together extended some distance into the room. Around the outer edge, against the wall, were cushioned seats with tables before them, and the rest of the space was occupied by small tables, which, although now almost deserted, were rapidly filling up. At one of these, some distance away, Harwich saw the people for whom he was looking. He felt a little thrill of pleasure when he noticed that the girl sat facing him squarely, with Brunoff in profile on her right, and the other man on her left. The sister's back was toward Harwich.

They were already ordering when he saw them, laughing together over some remark of Brunoff's. Henri was waiting on them—Henri, with his quaint accent and obliging ways, who had been at the same post for years and was a great favorite.

David ordered something himself and sat rather miserably in his chair, feeling uncomfortable even at this distance. He did not know whether to hope that the girl would see him or not. If she did, he was almost afraid she could read in his face that he was following her. And he was not sure, even now, that he had a right to do so.

Presently, a special messenger came from the upper restaurant, paging someone.

"Mr. Fred Walton!" he called, as he passed between the tables—"Mr. Fred Walton!"

THE man at the girl's table turned quickly on hearing the name, and motioned to the boy. He took the envelope, tore it open, and read the message through with the professionally unexpressive face of a man accustomed to sudden calls. Then he handed it to the sister, whose face Harwich could not see.

There was a moment's consultation, and then Mr. Walton and the sister, who must be Mrs. Walton, rose from the table, and with a few words of farewell came down the room toward him.

As they passed David, Mrs. Walton said doubtfully:

"Are you sure, Fred, it's all right to leave Patricia with that horse-faced man? He seems so odd."

"Oh, she'll be all right," was the answer. "Patty can take care of herself. And we must hurry."

David felt a thrill of excitement. He knew Brunoff better than Mr. Walton did, and he had a perfectly irrational certainty that somehow his own chance was coming to help Patricia.

He was glad that was her name. It suited her so well. Patrician she was in every line of the slender body and proudly poised head. Eagerly he turned to watch her again.

Brunoff was already leaning forward, talking very earnestly to her, more earnestly than seemed pleasant, though she answered him with perfect self-possession. But it was not long before she took the conversation into her own hands, and grew more at her ease. She was asking him about something and laughing a little at his answers. Then Brunoff took out a pencil and wrote something on the back of the menu-card, which the girl studied with great interest, but with a humorously puzzled frown.

This little pantomime was still in progress when an exclamation of surprise, uttered quite close beside Harwich, distracted his attention from them.

A man had entered the restaurant and now stood close by the door, with astonishment and delight showing in his face, looking toward the table where Brunoff and Patricia were sitting. He was a man of perhaps forty, or possibly a little less, black bearded and dressed in formal evening

clothes, with an erect, military carriage, and the stamp of his nationality written large across him. He, too, it was evident, was a Russian.

He advanced eagerly toward the girl, and when, just as he reached her table, she chanced to look up at him, he stopped and bowed profoundly, almost reverently, to her. She looked at him in very evident surprise, hesitated an instant, and then acknowledged his bow by a slight inclination of the head.

Harwich could not see the man's face, but it was really not necessary. Surprise and bewilderment could hardly have been written there more plainly than in the quick gesture with which he received the rebuff. He stopped short for an interminable moment, staring incredulously at the girl. But she supported his gaze with perfect self-possession and frankness, although she flushed a little, and, at last, he turned abruptly to Brunoff, gave him a sharp, decisive nod, and passed on.

He walked slowly forward till he came to the wall seats; then he turned and slipped in behind a table, facing the room. But his face, now that David could see it again, bore no expression of any kind, unless it were a desultory interest in the wine-list. Harwich, watching the perfect ease of his manner, set him down as a man of power and resourcefulness, a much more dangerous man than Brunoff. Brunoff was clever, doubtless, but he was essentially primitive in his methods, gaining advantage by the most obvious means, and carrying his point by bluster and sheer weight of insistence. This man was much more subtle, more quick-witted, and held himself in much better control.

Suddenly, Brunoff got to his feet, spoke a few words to the girl, and went quickly around behind the musicians as though to speak to the cashier on the far side. Harwich had seen him start violently at first sight of the stranger, but he had collected himself enough to feign a lack of recognition when the man's curt nod acknowledged his presence. His blank stare did not carry conviction, though, and a moment later he had shot a quick glance at the indifferent figure absorbed in the menu-card.

NOW, as he disappeared from the girl's sight, he quickened his pace, and Harwich, from his position almost on a level with the door, saw him jab his hat viciously on his head and go out the farther door.

David caught his breath sharply. She was there, left alone, this girl who had crossed his path so strangely. She was in trouble, and he was going to have the opportunity to help her.

But his turn had not yet come. There was still the stranger.

This man had apparently taken no notice whatever of Brunoff or his movements, but now, in the most leisurely manner possible, he called the waiter, countermanded his order, slipped a coin into the man's surprised palm, and, still with the detached air of a man following a passing whim, he, too, passed behind the musicians, and apparently left the room.

Harwich got up and slipped out the nearer door. Outside, between the two doors of the lower restaurant, a flight of stairs led up which gave entrance to the more formal upper rooms. Just as Harwich came out of the door, he caught a glimpse of Brunoff hurrying precipitately up these steps, his long legs taking three at a time, and his horse-like face peering over the rail with a peculiarly sinister effect. He did not seem to see Harwich, who slipped into the shadow of the stairs and waited.

He could not help but commend this scheme of the Russian's. If the stranger intended to follow him, he was almost certain to be put off the track by this maneuver, and, at the same time, it left Brunoff free to return to the girl if he should succeed in getting rid of his enemy.

NO SOONER had Brunoff disappeared up the stairs than the man he dreaded came out of the farther door, still with his air of detachment, and looked about him. He took in at a glance that he had arrived too late, and, after pausing a moment to light a cigar, he strolled leisurely northward on Sixth Avenue. But David felt that he was not the man to give up the chase so easily, and that they had not yet seen the last of this mysterious stranger.

David watched him, standing motionless in the shadow, but the stranger walked on without making any sign, and, at last, David went in again and sat down at his own table.

Patricia was leisurely eating an ice, and looking about her with the same frank, vivid interest which she had shown at the Free Thought Club. Evidently she had not the slightest suspicion as yet that her escort had deserted her.

Harwich was glad of this, for it gave him a moment in which to think, and he felt it was absolutely necessary that he lay out some sort of campaign. It was characteristic of him that when he had a problem to work out, he used none of the ordinary physical aids. He did not tie his muscles up into knots nor frown weightily, and he never felt the slightest desire to pace the room or puff hard on his pipe. Instead, his big, loose figure relaxed perfectly in his chair, and he sat with half-closed eyes and the air of a man perfectly at peace with himself and the world at large.

Brunoff, with his radical ideas, he thought, must have been mixed up in Russia with some revolutionary plot and been forced to flee the country. Probably, the Russian gentleman whose mere presence had struck such terror into him was someone who held incriminating evidence of some sort; he might even be an agent of the government.

"I—I DON'T KNOW HOW I CAN REPAY YOUR KINDNESS, BUT YOU WILL AT LEAST LET ME REPAY THE—MONEY?"

What puzzled David most was the stranger's possible connection with Sophie. He had not been able to believe that Sophie and Brunoff were intimate friends. There was a certain inborn aristocracy in Sophie, a kind of estheticism, which would inevitably

shrink from Brunoff with his rough voice and exaggerated manner. Whatever rôle he had played in the scene this afternoon, it had been played from the outside. But this military stranger seemed much more likely to be a friend of hers. He was of her own class, he had been distinctly delighted to see her, and had bowed almost reverently. Yes; on the whole, Harwich was inclined to set him down as a friend of Sophie's, despite the fact that Brunoff feared him.

But all this was not to the point just now for Patricia was beginning to be puzzled at Brunoff's prolonged absence.

He had half expected the Russian to send down word to her from upstairs, even if he dared not return himself. But, as the time passed and no word was given her, David decided that Brunoff must have been too thoroughly frightened to think of anything but his own safety.

It was David's turn now. He straightened himself suddenly in his chair and called Henri, Patricia's waiter.

"Henri," he said, "please go and see whether there is any man in the street who might be watching for someone in the restaurant. Look carefully, Henri, for he is a very clever man."

At the first words a flicker of astonishment had crossed Henri's face, but, before the end of the instructions, he was merely an obliging waiter with no personal power of thought whatever. He went away on his errand and presently returned with the announcement.

"*Oui, Monsieur,* I tink there ees a man. He waits in ze shadow of a store over ze street. Can I do anything more for Monsieur?"

Harwich did not answer at once, and the waiter stood quietly expectant.

So the man was waiting! But for whom? So far as he could know, Brunoff was gone. He could only be waiting for the woman he took to be Sophie.

David had been trying, albeit rather unsuccessfully, to convince himself that he was only following an interesting adventure, that these people were nothing to him but puppets in a show. But at the thought that the man outside was waiting for this beautiful, unconscious American girl, waiting to draw her into the vortex of a Russian political intrigue, such a rush of anger came over him that it was quite useless to pretend to himself any longer. He was not a disinterested spectator, and he felt that he never could be again. Whatever might happen in the next few minutes, Patricia would always be a glowing, vital reality.

David tore off a corner of the menu, and wrote:

"If you want to escape, do it now! The coast is clear."

Then he turned to the waiter. It was worth the experiment, at least.

"Henri," he said, "did you notice that curious-looking man who was at the table with the young lady over there? The one who left a few moments ago?"

"*Oui, Monsieur,* I notice him. He is very droll. Sometimes he come here."

"Good! He is up-stairs now, in the other part of the restaurant. Take this up and give it to him, and if he asks who sent it, tell him you don't know the gentleman. When he has read it, watch him carefully but don't let him see that you are watching him. If he goes out and down the street, see whether the man in the shadow across the street follows him away. Do you understand?"

"But perfectly, *Monsieur.* I do it."

Henri was gone a long while, and Harwich began to think his scheme had failed. Patricia's discomfort was growing steadily. She had long ago finished her ice and was evidently feeling uncomfortably conspicuous sitting there alone. She shifted now and then in her seat and watched, almost pathetically, the musicians' platform behind which Brunoff had disappeared.

IN THE SILENCE THAT FOLLOWED, DAVID HEARD PATRICIA CATCH HER BREATH IN A LITTLE GASP

David was a little at a loss for a moment to account properly for the frightened look in her eyes which she was trying bravely to conceal. Surely, a girl of spirit could pay her own bill and leave. It would be a little disagreeable, doubtless, but scarcely more than that. Then he realized, with another impish little stab of pleasure, that she carried no bag or pocketbook. She had evidently not foreseen that she would need any money on this evening's jaunt with her sister. Fortune was surely kind to him to-night!

But following immediately on this sense of pleasure came a much less agreeable sensation. For Patricia was

slowly and carefully looking at every person in the room. She searched each face in turn, as though hoping against hope that she might find a friend in this unlikely place. David knew that her search would soon bring her to him, and a kind of panic seized him. Should he speak now, or should he wait to see the result of his plan?

The level gray eyes came slowly around to him, and he saw in them a flash of recognition. For just the fraction of a second she seemed to weigh making an appeal to him. Then a little wave of color mounted to her cheeks and she turned quickly away. David was disgusted at himself that he had made no sign. Now, he knew, she must be doubly uncomfortable.

But, at last, Henri bustled in, all smiles this time. He came to Harwich and reported:

"He have gone, *Monsieur*—he have gone! And ze man in ze street have gone after him. They are both away now. *Parti! frrt!*" and he made a gesture indicative of something disappearing into thin air.

David drew a deep breath and moved a little in his chair. Then he took out his card and wrote on it:

If you are in trouble of any sort and I can be of the slightest assistance, do not hesitate to call on me. I am sitting by the door. If you wish me, bow, and I shall come at once.

He wished he could think of some better way of saying it, but nothing else occurred to him, and there was no time to lose. He slipped the card into Henri's hand, with a word of thanks and directions to give the card to the girl.

Then he waited with his whole heart in his eyes while Henri did his bidding. Patricia's startled little gesture when the waiter first spoke to her told David how frightened she was at heart, but she took the card quietly and read what was written on it.

For what seemed an eternity, the blond head, with its sweeping feather, bent over the card. Then, with a quick, decisive gesture and a half humorous smile of relief, she raised her head, looked straight at David, and bowed.

CHAPTER VI.

DAVID opened the outer door of the restaurant with a little sensation of pleasure that it was a heavy door and offered some resistance. The feeling of exuberance in his veins just now needed some sort of physical expression. If he had had a punching-bag, he felt sure that he could have done justice to it. He stood aside for Patricia to pass.

She made no pretense of being unconscious that he was so near her, and, as she passed him, she looked straight into his eyes with a friendly little smile. It was a straightforward smile of equality, without a trace of the amused tolerance she had shown for Brunoff, and David felt unconsciously happy over it.

After she had passed him, and the heavy door had swung to, they stood for an instant side by side, with the breath of the crisp night air in their nostrils. Then Patricia turned her steady gray eyes to David, and in them he read a look of inquiry that tumbled him instantly and unceremoniously out of his dream.

His thoughts had hardly gone beyond this point, save for a sudden picture of himself sitting beside her somewhere on the way home, but now he saw that for him to take advantage of the slight favor he had done her to force his company upon her would be out of the question. The only decent thing to do would be to put her in a cab and send her home. And, unless fate intervened, he might never see her again, never even learn to know her by any other name than the intimate one which chance had revealed to him. For once in his life David felt anything but conservative. He wanted to tell this slender girl beside him what he knew of the danger she was in—he wanted to do a dozen rash things.

Instead, he smiled reassuringly into the gray eyes and said: "If you'll wait a moment, I'll get you a taxi."

She thanked him with a shade of relief in her voice which made David glad, after all, that he had done the right thing. It was better never to see her again than to leave her with a tarnished memory of him.

He looked about. Across the street a black brougham was standing, but David could not be sure whether or not it was a taxi. The driver answered his signal at once, however, and came up beside them.

"Taxi, sir?" he said as he drew up alongside.

David nodded, opened the door, and handed in Patricia without a word. He was wondering what the strangely subtle perfume could be that had come to him in the instant when her hand rested in his. It had something so fresh about it, like the delicate odor of the woods in Maytime, when all life is new.

Once inside, Patricia turned and held out her hand to him through the open window.

"You have been very good to me!" she said simply and gratefully.

Harwich took her hand, and bowed over it with the little touch of formality which was always charming in him.

"It has been a great pleasure to me," he answered, just as simply.

"I—I don't know how I can repay your kindness, but you will at least let me repay the—money?" she said in a voice that tried hard to be practical.

"Oh!" said David, "the best way you could possibly repay any kindness would be to let me do this for you. It has been worth so much more than that to me."

Then he straightened himself with sudden resolution. He would not even wait to hear her address when she repeated it to the driver. She should have no reason to doubt his integrity. So he stepped quickly back a step.

"Good-by," he said, and his voice sounded harsh even in his own ears.

"Good-by," she answered softly, somewhat hesitatingly, "and—and thank you!"

The unevenness in the low voice was almost too much for David's good resolutions. Still holding his hat in his hand, he turned away abruptly.

But, before he could take more than a step or two, the chauffeur called out to him:

"Please, the address!" he said.

HARWICH turned back. Something foreign in the words, and, more distinctly, in the accent, had arrested his attention. He looked sharply at the man.

Since he had come out of the restaurant, his wits had been wool-gathering, but now they came back to him in a flash. For the fraction of a second he stood, considering. Save for a sharp intake of the breath, no sign of any sort escaped him, but the air of irresolution vanished, and in its place came a look of quiet authority. He turned to Patricia who still sat forward watching him.

"Perhaps it would be better if I got you another taxi," he said quietly, as he opened the door.

But the girl, taken quite by surprise, made no move to get out.

"Why should you?" she asked. "See what a nice one this is!" and she motioned to the buff-colored leather and polished brass trimmings of the interior.

"In that case, perhaps I would better ride up-town with you," said David, still in the quiet tone of finality. With perfect calm he stepped in, closed the door, and sat down beside the astonished girl.

Without giving her a chance to recover herself, he asked abruptly:

"What is your address, please?"

Patricia opened her lips as though to make some quick reply. She evidently thought better of it, however, for she waited a moment, and then, in a low voice, gave the name of an up-town hotel.

David turned to the chauffeur and said very distinctly:

"Go over to Broadway and drive up-town. I will stop you when we have gone far enough."

The driver threw in the clutch, and the car, getting a hold on the slippery pavement, started slowly forward.

(*Continued on page 82*)

MAKING A BUSINESS OF BEING A HOSTESS

BY MYRA G. REED

THE big ocean liner sailed majestically out of the harbor, her golden prow gleaming in the sun; the band played; passengers by the thousand crowded the sides and waved handkerchiefs, canes, umbrellas, hats, anything that was at hand, to the humanity-jammed pier. It was a gay and brilliant scene, from the forward lower deck of the monster ship, where the steerage passengers cast farewell glances at the land of their adoption, to the topmost sun-bathed deck, where women in the soft-hued gowns of the rich gaily nodded good-by to their friends on the dock. Probably few of the waving throng on the shore, duly impressed as they were by the sumptuousness of the great steamship, were aware that, for the next five days, its destinies were to be presided over by a woman. Although, like other ships that sail the seas, it boasts of a commodore, four captains, three subordinate officers, a chief engineer, and dozens of other officials too numerous to mention, yet it has in addition the unique distinction of being commanded by a woman, Mrs. Laura Degenhardt.

MRS. LAURA A. DEGENHARDT
FIRST HOSTESS OF THE HIGH SEAS

MRS. DEGENHARDT IN HER LUXURIOUS STATEROOM

A DANCE IN THE BIG SALON IS A GAY SIGHT

Mrs. Degenhardt does not stand on the bridge like the Commodore, and direct which course the ship shall take, but, in the eyes of the passengers, who greet her with cheers and handclappings whenever she appears among them, she has far more important duties. Hers is the task of making a home, a real homey home, out of the ship. She is the hostess of the ship, or, to use her official title, the Social Director. She is supposed to conduct the ship in exactly the same manner that she would her own home on Fifth Avenue in New York, if she were entertaining five thousand people there for a week. Mrs. Degenhardt, who has a most infectious smile, says herself about her work: "My task is to make everybody happy, and I do not stop in it for one moment from Saturday noon, when the ship sails, until we land at Hamburg the next Wednesday or Thursday."

Could anything be more significant of the modern woman's fertility of resource than the achievement of this clever, cultured woman, who, untrained in any known profession, yet needing some engrossing interest to fill days that threatened to hang heavy on her hands, invented a perfectly new and unique profession for herself? Her experience is testimony to the truth that every talent, no matter how apparently uncommercial, has, after all, a real commercial value, dependent only upon its possessor's ingenuity in finding a market.

MRS. DEGENHARDT has had no specialized training for her position, and had always been in her own home until she took up this work a year ago. She had lived merely as thousands of other women live, happy in her home, managing her house well, entertaining a great deal, and, as time went on, taking a more and more prominent place in the executive work of the various New York women's clubs to which she belonged. A little over two years ago her husband died, and the loneliness of the big house in which she had been left alone grew unbearable. She shut up her house, withdrew from all her former social interests, and decided to travel.

She was on one of the big transatlantic steamers when an idea came to her. The ship was so huge, and there were so many thousand people on board, that the old sea neighborliness had departed. Very few people had the opportunity to become acquainted, and any entertainments suggested usually fell through for lack of a leader. She knew

(Continued on page 80)

IMAGINE SHAW'S "CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA" WITHOUT GERTRUDE ELLIOTT!

WOMAN'S INVASION OF THE STAGE

BY ADA PATTERSON

FANCY a play in which all the characters were men. Fancy another play with but few female characters, the men being largely in the majority, and picture these few women characters played, as well as they could be, which was but clumsily and ludicrously, by men. Recall how preposterous a figure was your brother when he struggled into your "best dress", and felt the full force of your displeasure for his pains, and how betraying are the big feet and the swagger of the New York ragamuffins who beg in strange guise on Thanksgiving Day. You have thought of all these? Then imagine yourself sitting in a front row at a playhouse staring at this company, rude and crude, and you will know what it was to go to a theater in ye olden time. What wonder that the strolling players of that day, when only men were Thespians, were characterized by the laws of England as "rogues and vagabonds", and that they were arrested for practising their calling, as we arrest gamblers and burglars?

FRANCES STARR IN BELASCO'S LATEST SUCCESS "THE SECRET"

Then, the stage belonged to men. The plays interested only men. They were fighting days, days of carnage, when blood was shed as freely—although counterfeited by red ink—as in the bull-fights of Madrid. The good parts were written for men. Women's characters in the play were a jest, or were mere human filling, the cement between the bricks. Being of little account, they were played by men, and if played so badly as to cause the audience to laugh, so much the better, or, at least, so much the more entertaining.

Shakespeare followed the fashions set in the middle ages, and wrote plays in which there were more men than women, and, in most instances, the men's characters were complex, the women's simple. Had not Shakespeare been a genius, and gifted with the eye of prophecy, he would not have given us Portia, or Lady Macbeth. Glancing down the centuries, he saw Susan B. Anthony and Jane Addams forshadowed, and, writing ahead of his time, he gave us a few great women to wonder at and admire.

HE PREPARED the way. He and a few prophets foresaw what has come to pass, woman's invasion of the stage. Whereas, once the stage was trod by men alone, now it is all but monopolized by women. Not only have women invaded the stage: they have nearly usurped it. The most successful dramatic stars are women. In the majority of the plays, the majority of characters are those of women, and the play turns upon the pivot of a woman's character, or of a man's love for a woman.

The mystery plays of the middle ages were written for men. These old morality or mystery plays shunned the woman; when she was permitted to enter, it was only because a man needed a mother, or a character needed a wife. She was incidental. She has become indispensable.

It was discovered by the play producers of the not-very-good old times, that men did not interpret women well, for the basic reason that they did not understand them. Once, men did not trouble about what women thought. They knew, or thought they did—and perhaps they did, for women may have told them. Now, women are thinking of such a variety of themes, their world has enlarged so considerably beyond their own homes, that their thoughts are of more moment to the world, and even a portent. Women

BEAUTIFUL PAULINE FREDERICKS AS POTIPHAR'S WIFE IN "JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN"

JANET BEECHER—MAKING A SENSATION IN "THE GREAT ADVENTURE"

were a fixed quantity; now, in the matter of their thoughts and interests, they are an unknown quantity. The modern woman is far more of a riddle than the woman of a generation ago, because her thoughts travel a larger arc. Always indispensable to man, she has, for the foregoing reason, become more interesting. And with the birth of that interest in man, his dawning curiosity as to what woman thought, the processes of reason which actuated her impulses, her attitude toward life, her judgments and estimates, a new era dawned for the stage. Woman, from being accepted as a possibly delightful appendage, acting under direction, and controlled in her opinions and interests by husband, father, or son, has become to man a tantalizing puzzle, and we find him constantly and feverishly searching for the ever-elusive key to her psychology.

THIS, and the passing of the old days of chivalry, of tourney, duello, war and empire, account, in a measure, for the modern stage feminine, but there have been other impelling causes. Men were not satisfactory interpreters of women's parts, because they were not decorative, and the theater of to-day is governed by the same principle which actuated one of our foremost publishers in issuing the order: "Always publish a woman's picture in preference to a man's. It is more ornamental." Recently, a play of tremendous dramatic value, *The New Sin*, was imported from England and met ignominious failure. The producer had essayed a novelty in producing a play in which every character was a man. Women would not go to see it, and men did not like it—for the same reason, the absence of women. It may seem strange that since four-fifths of the theater audiences in this country are women, man has not been able to retain his place before the footlights. One might think that woman would be as curious to find the key to his thoughts and actions as man has shown himself where she is concerned. Whether or not woman is of the impression that she already understands man—since her main occupation through the ages has been concerned with the solution of his moods and tenses—certain it is that she exhibits not the slightest interest in plays which center around him. She is frankly and exclusively interested in the working out of the problems of women, and the playwright who gives her plays built around those problems is sure of her support and his own success.

Here we have the three important reasons for woman's place in the drama of to-day—man's new-born interest in her complexities, her own decorative value, the preponderance of women in theater audiences and their absorption in the problems of their own sex. In contrast to the grim morality plays, with their monotonous male casts, consider the De Koven operas or the Harry B. Smith musical comedies of the day, with their bevy of femininity. Time has worked her revenge for the drama's slight to woman. Woman is the flower, man the moving background for her charm and beauty. And each year the pendulum swings farther. Women are earning the largest salaries paid on the stage. A woman star, Maude Adams, is making the greatest fortune derived from it. So necessary are women to the development of the plays of to-day that the proportion in many of the popular plays is two-thirds women to one-third men, and the important rôles are usually those of women.

Julia Marlowe, noting this, remarked, in view of present conditions, "There is something radically wrong with a man who wants to be an actor."

IT IS quite apparent that in the large majority of plays the woman is the spine of the drama, though a leading man ruefully expressed the hope that man was still "the shoulders". David Belasco dismissed the aspirations of an ambitious leading man by remarking: "The only use of the leading man is to come on in the last act of a play and embrace the woman star."

The plays of this season turn, more markedly than ever, on woman and woman's interests. A shrewd manager, who knows family life, has discovered that every woman craves her own purse and freedom from the need of asking her husband for money. He has shown his acumen by producing a most absorbing and interesting play to which he gave the simple title, *Her Own Money*.

(Continued on page 70)

JULIA MARLOWE AS "JULIET"

DAINTY LITTLE ELSIE FERGUSON IN "A STRANGE WOMAN"

AS "THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL", VIOLA DANA IS WINNING LAURELS

GRACE GEORGE IN THE LATEST BARRIE PLAYLET, "HALF AN HOUR".

THE ORIGINAL "SUNSHINE GIRL", JULIA SANDERSON

THE NEIGHBORHOOD CLUB MAKES A RESOLUTION

BY ZONA GALE

WHEN we come together for the January quarterly meeting of the Society, to Mis' Fire-Chief Merriman's, it was so cold in her sitting-room that we had to go out in the dining-room. And, being the stove there smoked a little, we moved out in the kitchen. This made it real convenient, as Mis' Fire-Chief was out there, anyhow, getting ready the supper, and she could have some of the good of the meeting, like hostesses usually don't have, account of kitchen duties.

"So we all sat kind of comfortable on wood-box, water-pail bench, chair, and the meal-chest, and Mis' Fire-Chief was mixing hot biscuit on the kitchen table, and the canary was singing, and the red geraniums was blooming in between the calico curtains, and the late afternoon sun was shining in over the snow piled up crisp against the pane. And the time was real nice—like times is.

"'January third!' says Mis' Sykes, all of a sudden, 'and I ain't got around to make no New Year's resolution yet.'

"'Me, either,' says Mis' Holcomb-that-was-Mame Bliss. 'I declare I'm so busy with the holidays that I don't get no good of 'em.'

"'I don't make New Year's resolutions no more,' says Mis' Toplady, serene.

"'You don't!' says Mis' Sykes, shocked. 'Why, I always make one and stick it up in my looking-glass.'

"'I'm sick o' stickin' 'em up in my lookin'-glass,' says Mis' Toplady, kind of stubborn—but a nice stubborn, too, like hers always is. 'For years,' she says, 'I've went on stickin' 'em up in my lookin'-glass, and breakin' 'em before January is tore off the almanac.'

"'Me, too,' I says, hearty and enjoyable.

"Mis' Toplady begun pickin' dried leaves off Mis' Fire-Chief's geraniums.

"'If there was a whole townful of us keeping one resolution together,' says she thoughtful, 'I donno but I could keep it. But makin' 'em individual, like we do,' she says, 'it ain't got no support to it. If our resolutions was common and our public drinking-cups individual,' says Mis' Toplady, 'instead of the other way round—I bet we'd all come out of it better off.'

"I got up off the meal-chest and walked around.

"'Why, Mis' Toplady,' I says, 'Mis' Toplady! You couldn't of come in meaning what I think no better if we'd met by the front gate and talked it over. I come here all made up to get the Society to adopt a New Year's resolution common among us all, and keep it together—same as all the sticks o' wood holds up every particular stick in the wood-pile.'

"Mis' Fire-Chief left her biscuits and come and stood over close to us.

"'What one?' says she.

"'Well,' says I, 'there's any one of forty we could make to advantage—and keep to, more so. But the one I've thought of is a little bit of a simple one that some 'd say didn't amount to a tin spoon.'

"They begun guessing.

"'Not to shirk,' says one.

"'To get up more entertainments,' says another.

"'To take up more'n one thing at a time to work for,' says somebody else.

"'To give more generous,' says two or three together.

BUT it wan't none of these, and when they was done guessing I told 'em. And I said it kind of reverent, because I tell you it don't seem to me there's anything much more important than just that particular one, little as it is.

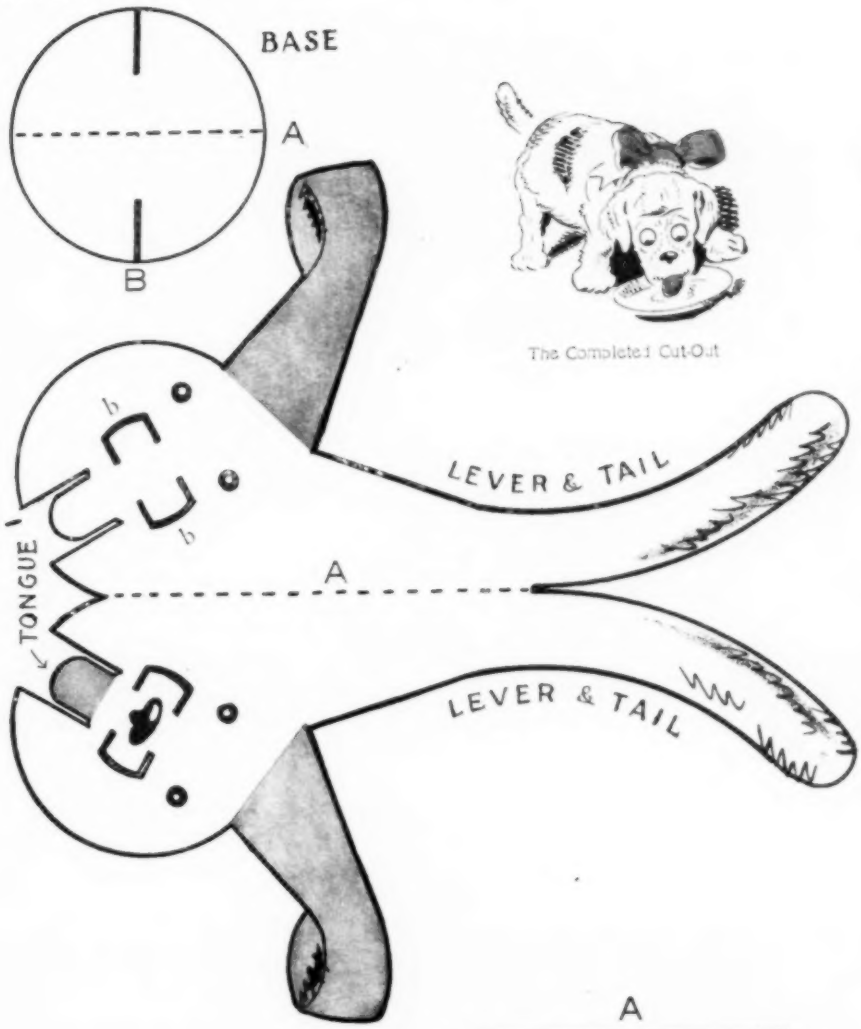
"'Well, sir,' I says, 'I was going to suggest a resolution that there can't none of us keep alone. We've got to keep it together. It won't keep at all if we' don't.'

"'I know!' says Mame Holcomb sudden, and clapping her hands together. 'To, no matter what happens, keep our tempers—' And us ladies all sort of laughed, embarrassed, without looking at each other much, because, well—we knew that we didn't do that very good, one and all.

"'No!' I says out. 'Oh, no, sir! That's some of it. But I'd put it different. My resolution is that we all of us work hard, and club together on

(Con. on page 72)

"IF OUR RESOLUTIONS WAS COMMON AND OUR PUBLIC DRINKING-CUPS INDIVIDUAL, WE'D ALL COME OUT OF IT BETTER OFF."



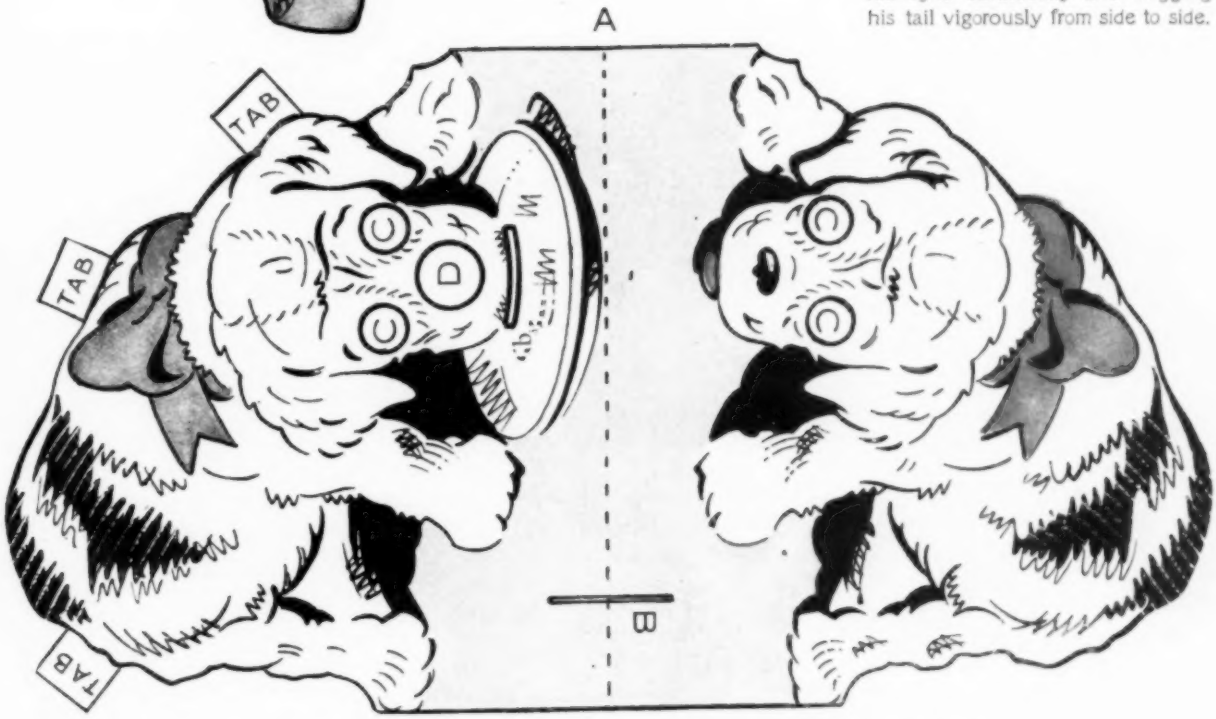
The Completed Cut-Out

DIRECTIONS

Carefully cut out each of the three parts, puppy, base, and lever. Bend back on all dotted lines, A, A, A. Glue together solidly, back to back, the sides of base, and also the sides of the lever, being sure that the edges exactly coincide. Do not glue puppy together. Cut slits with sharp knife where indicated on the base and the puppy, B, B; also, cut out those marked b, b, b, one on puppy below nose, and two on the lever. Cut out eye-holes, C, C, C, C, and nose-hole, D, on puppy.

Bend up, at right angles, the small flaps, b, b, which you have just cut out on the tongue end of the lever. Put the lever inside the puppy, and, after sticking tongue through mouth-slit, put the two little flaps through the nose-holes, and flatten back against face to form rivet, as in your Hallowe'en pumpkin cut-out. Lever and tail part being now in place between the sides of the puppy's body, glue the tabs down to hold the two sides together. Slide the slit in the base into the slit in bottom of puppy part and the puppy will stand up.

Now, if you will move projecting part of bow up and down, the wee doggy will lap up his milk, showing his pleasure at the feast by rolling his eyes ecstatically and wagging his tail vigorously from side to side.



ROBIN HOOD, THE BOLD BANDIT

A CUT-OUT FOR THE CHILDREN

By A. Z. BAKER

Come Into My Garden of Dreams

By ANNELU BURNS

Lento espressivo.

mf *rit.*

1. Come in - to my Gar - den, my Gar - den of Dreams, Kissed by the sun - light of love,.....
2. When all is un - hap - py, and drear is my lot, And clouds seem lined but with gray,.....

p

Come wan - der with me 'midst its rare per - fumes, Where a - zure skies bend a - bove:.....
Then steal for a mo - ment to that blest spot, From sor - row hid safe a - way,.....

Come in - to my Gar - den, my Gar - den of Dreams, Where purl - ing streams glide a - long,.....
O, there we can lin - ger and stroll as we will, Room for but two hearts there seems,....

p

Copyright, 1913, by Annelu Burns

And foun - tains plash - ing in sil - ver - y spray Blend with my heart's glad - some song.....
One of them yours, dear, the oth - er one mine Locked in our Gar - den of Dreams....

REFRAIN. *(Not too slow.)*

Come to my Gar - den, my Gar - den of Dreams, Blos - som - ing on - ly for you!.....

mp *espressivo.*

Palms by the side of its crys - tal - line streams, And ros - es kissed with dew,.....

Dwell with me there 'neath love's ra - di - ant beams, I will for aye be true,.....

mf

For in my Gar - den of beau - ti - ful Dreams My vi - sion is You, dear, just you.....

mp *poco rit.* *p* *p*

THE NEW FEATHER FANCIES

LESSONS IN HOME MILLINERY NUMBER XIII

BY EVELYN TOBEY

A FEW years ago, the handsomest hat a woman could wear was a large black velvet hat trimmed with long, heavy ostrich plumes. This year, the ostrich trimming is thin, straight, and straggly. If your ostrich feathers are drooping and graceful, they are old-fashioned. You must wire them, and bend them to look like squirrels' tails. They must stand far away from the crown and be stiff and queer. To wire an ostrich feather lay a piece of tissue-paper on the under side of the feather, then, with a buttonhole stitch, sew a piece of frame wire over the quill. Take your stitches through the paper, but around the quill, not through it. You will split it if you try to sew through it. Use silk thread the color of the quill and take your stitches about one inch apart. Sew the wire about three inches from the tip and extend it about two inches beyond the quill end. Then you can bend the feather as you please. When the wiring is done tear away the paper. If you do not use the paper, your thread and the flues of the feather will tangle, and you may lose your patience—a result to be deplored.

FIG. 1—A CHIC FUR CAP WITH ERMINE BOW

In the November lesson we learned how to make a new ostrich fantasie by cutting the flues from each side of the quill, leaving only a few inches of them at the tip. You need not cut away the flues, however, if your feathers are good, but instead you can tie them to the stem (Fig. 8), and have a very fashionable fantasie.

FIG. 2—A SKUNK BANDING

To make a very effective trimming for a large black velvet hat, separate the layers of an old-fashioned thick plume and arrange them singly around the crown (Fig. 3). The quills of the layers under the top one are split so that the feather may be lighter, but as this looks unfinished they are covered with a strip of one-half-inch black moiré ribbon, which is finished at each end with little butterfly bows. It is fashionable to arrange ribbon through feathers in this way, even when the quills are not split.

FIG. 4 FIG. 5
RIBBON AND QUILL FANTASIE

Quills, too, are cut in queer shapes and tied with tiny bows this season (Figs. 4, 7 and 9). Ribbon is wired and tied to make all sorts of "stick-ups" and trimmings, all of which must be sewed to the hat in such a manner that they look stiff. The tulip-shaped (Fig. 5) and the rose-shaped (Fig. 6) are both effective. To make the tulip-shaped one, cut ten pieces of one-and-one-quarter-inch ribbon, each piece five inches long. Cut one end of each on the bias or slant line, and sew one edge to a ten-inch piece of frame wire. When the ten pieces are wired, arrange them in a swirl, and tie the wires together several times below the ribbon ends. Then wind these wires with the same ribbon and finish with a small bow at the end, which is sewed to the hat. The second one is simply a full ribbon-rosette tied to one end of a hairpin-shaped wire, about ten inches long. The wire is twisted with ribbon, and is finished with a tiny bow.

Velvet or lace wings, or ears with fur binding, are popular. This narrow binding, about one inch wide, is used around turbans and around the edge of large hats. Once upon a time women who bought furs chose "sets" and coats that would keep them warm; today they are buying furs, as they would beads, to trim chiffon and lace. However, it gives us home milliners and dressmakers a fine opportunity to get out the old stored-away "sets", strip them, and make of them the very latest fur trimmings. The home furrier, with a few directions and with no expenditure of money, can do just the same work as the professional, so that none of us need wait, as far as money is concerned, to have the very latest thing in furs. To prepare your last year's or your year-before-the-last-year's furs for transformation into 1914 uses, first, rip away all the linings and padding, and open the seam of the muff; then clean the fur by beating it with flexible, smooth rods like bamboo. While beating, shake the skins often, so that the dust will be loosened. After this, match the pieces of fur to get one piece big enough to cover your pattern of hat, collar, or whatever you are working on.

FIG. 3—A USE FOR AN OLD-FASHIONED PLUME

This matching requires great care, and must be done according to color, length of fur, and direction of the nap. When the matching is done, the pieces will have to be joined. Cut the edges of the skin so that they will join well, then sew with an overhand stitch across both edges of the seam. So that the fur will not appear in the seam, push it with the needle between the two pieces of skin. For tender skins like mole, use a fine needle. There are furriers' needles that are three-sided instead of round, but it is not necessary to have them. After the seam is sewed, smooth or flatten it by rubbing your thimble firmly and evenly over it.

FIG. 6 FIG. 7
SMART TRIMMINGS FOR THE LATEST HATS

The cutting of fur is very difficult; always trace, with chalk or a soft pencil on the skin side, the line you wish to cut. For a straight line use a

(Continued on page 63)

MAD STAGE STYLES IN DRESS

THEATRICAL TINGE IN MODERN GOWNS

BY ANNE OVERTON

PARIS, France:—Like all the rest of the world, I have been stage-struck this winter, but I've had so many other things to write about that there simply has not been room to mention that. Since the performance of "Le Minaret", for which the costumes were designed by Paul Poiret, all our gowns have taken on a theatrical tinge. Don't think we're having our dresses actually made in this fashion—yet! But assuredly the hoops and trousers of the "Minaret" will have to be reckoned with from now on in matters sartorial.

Doubtless you have heard about these wonderful costumes and will be interested in the sketches of them. That first one, with its inconsequential waist and extremely transparent triple chiffon skirt, worn without petticoats, really might justify Kipling in his description of woman as "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair"! The color combination, however—which, unfortunately, you lose in the reproduction—is truly artistic. The three-hooped tunics are made of American Beauty chiffon, and the bands heading them, as well as that on the bodice, are of deep plum-colored velvet embroidered in tarnished gold in an Oriental design.

The hooped tunic is already a feature of many gowns worn off the stage, and there are not wanting women who loudly proclaim their admiration of its beauties. At its best, it looks like the one on the trousered lady at the right, and I cannot believe it will be generally adopted. In fact, there is a fight for supremacy between the hoop and the old-time bustle. A well-known corsetiere told me, only the other day, that she had just placed an order for half a gross of bustles for her customers. Does that not seem as if coming events were foreshadowed in the sash tied in a big bow that I showed you last month?

TROUSERS, too—but I gave you a hint on that subject in my last letter. They recall all the old jokes about trousered women, and I don't at all recommend them for serious consideration. On the stage, with lights and scenery, these costumes are simply parts of a harmonious picture which I wish you might see; but as real dresses for well-bred women—never!

So much for the "Minaret" dress. The gown in the center is a reproduction of one worn by a popular actress. The wisp of a waist is fortified by a sort of corselet made of pearl beads, a far more beautiful ornament than any embroidery could be, because in its shimmering flexibility, it reflects the wearer's every movement.

An odd detail of the dress is the wide band of rich Oriental embroidery, similar to that encircling the skirt, suspended from the shoulders like a court train, and hanging quite away from the figure, to be caught in again at the lower edge of the upper band on the skirt.

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INTENSELY MODERN IN COLOR, CUT AND FABRIC

THESE COSTUMES FULFIL ALL THE REQUIREMENTS OF CHIC GOWNING

For other views and descriptions see opposite page

WHAT TO WEAR AND WHEN TO WEAR IT

Soft Thick Pile and Deep Rich Tone for the Suit And the Brightest of Shimmering Silks for Dress

FLORA McFLIMSEY, with many gowns but "nothing to wear", surely could not have suffered so great woe as the modern woman, bewildered by the plenitude of materials from which to make the few frocks that are hers. And each year the wonder grows, for manufacturer vies with manufacturer to produce exquisite webs absolutely irresistible to all but the stoical and the strong-minded.

This winter has surpassed all others in the number and variety of new weaves. To read the list is almost like studying the vocabulary of a foreign language, besprinkled, as it is, with such names as duvetyne, eponge, ratine, nacrin, golfine, and Echelyn crêpe. All of these are either high-pile or crêpy fabrics, and it goes without saying that the fashionable suit and coat is of the one, while the latter appears in some form in most of the dressy costumes for afternoon and evening-wear.

Duvetyne is thick and soft, and very beautiful. A well-known fashion authority says of it that the name is derived from the French word "duvet", for *down*, and writes: "When this strange, soft fabric was originated in Paris a few months ago, it appears Parisiennes instantly recognized it as the nearest approach to the down of a chicken just out of the egg, and so they named it 'Duvetyne'—like a bird's down."

For winter use it is made in all-wool and in silk-and-wool combination, but its popularity is such that it will hold over into the Spring, and silk and cotton and all-silk varieties have been prepared for that season.

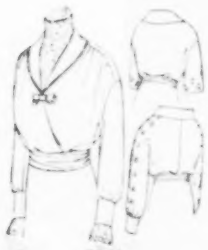
A somewhat similar high-pile fabric is golfine, a cotton weave on the order of velvet corduroy, but cheaper than either that or duvetyne. So also is nacrin, a fabric like golfine, but with diagonal instead of straight stripes, flecked with white. Nacrin is very scarce as yet, but will be obtainable soon in silk and wool as well as cotton.

From very small beginnings the crêpe idea has spread until it is predominant in the silk field. There is much reason for the genuine liking evinced for this fabric. It is so soft and "drapey" that it is an adorable exponent of feminine charm, and, moreover, no other web yields quite so readily to the demands of modern designing. An interesting variety of crêpe is to be had in plain weave and bordure. Among the latter are seen white grounds, with colored borders simulating Chinese embroidery, in the most characteristic patterns.

A novelty is the Echelyn crêpe, most attractive with its ground of sulphur, peach, flesh, or Empire green with a lattice stripe. Then there are the crêpes with chenille borders in a lovely palm design copied from the India shawls, and the dotted weaves with white or colored ground studded with velvet dots. Simpler and less expensive gowns for everyday wear are not forgotten, and the woman of slender purse may duplicate these expensive novelties and printed silks in crepon, cotton crêpe, ratine, agaric or Turkish toweling, and marquisette with perfect satisfaction to herself and her friends. By reason of the modern perfection in the dyer's art, the colors are every whit as soft and artistic as in more costly goods.

And, by the way, the colors and color combinations of to-day are just as interesting as the designs. Some goods are woven in mingled shades of sulphur, blue and white, while Empire green is a favorite tint in all the newest color schemes. Yellow, either in the sulphur shades or the deeper hues of orange and burnt orange, remains at the top, especially prominent being the "tango" yellow, a high shade of orange. Hints are heard that the sweet-pea shades are coming in, and that Spring gowns will rival those lovely blossoms in variety and delicacy of hue. Already the soft pinks and delicate purples are seen in the shops.

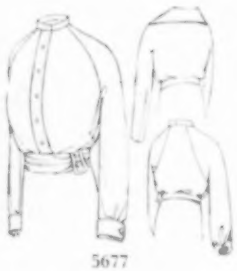
Intensely Modern in Color, Cut and Fabric Are These Chic Costumes


5684

NO. 5684. LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Two attractive developments are shown on page 30. In one, the white satin veiled in sheer black lace and the Japanese stand-away collar strike a new note of smart elegance. The other pleasing model is in heavy white crêpe de Chine edged with fur. The pattern comes in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires three and three-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material.

5681

NO. 5681. LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—Here flounces add the ultra-smart touch. Two stunning developments are shown, a black satin with gathered lace flounces, and a Scotch plaid with circular flounces. The pattern may be had in five sizes, from twenty-two to thirty inches waist measure. Size twenty-six requires three and three-eighth yards of forty-four-inch material, and measures a yard and a half at the lower edge.


5677

NO. 5677. LADIES' SHIRT BLOUSE (15 cents).—Comfort and style here combine to make a winning design. The unique idea of embroidered flouncing with the raglan sleeve is cleverly carried out. Linen, mull or crinkled crêpe could be used effectively. The pattern comes in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires one and seven-eighth yards of forty-four-inch material.

5643

NO. 5643. LADIES' SIX-GORED SKIRT (15 cents).—Simplicity is a happy note in so practical a design. The model is shown in putty-colored eponge, with a green suède belt. Silk, satin or velvet are also appropriate. The patten cuts in eight sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-six inches waist measure. Size twenty-six requires two and five-eighth yards of forty-four-inch material, and measures two and a quarter yards at the hem.

5675—5480 Hat

5673—5647

5673—5647

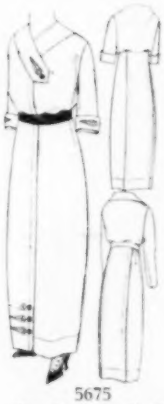
UNPRETENTIOUS BUT STYLISH MODELS FOR STREET DRESS

DUVETYNE, BROADCLOTH OR SERGE FOR CORRECT DEVELOPMENT

For other views and descriptions see opposite page

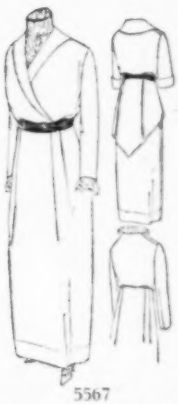
GOWNS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

For Afternoon or Evening, for House or Street You will Find Here Something to Your Taste



5675
Transfer Design No. 570

5673 5647



5567

5574

5683

No. 5675, Ladies' Dress (15 cents).—A chic costume in black-and-white honeycombed check is shown on page 32. Red revers and buttons add the needed flash of color. The pattern comes in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires four and an eighth yards of forty-four-inch material. The skirt is three-piece, and with pleats drawn out measures a yard and seven-eighths at the hem.

No. 5480, Ladies' and Misses' Hats (10 cents).—No more time is required for making this jaunty model than it takes to visit the shops in an endeavor to find a hat becoming and within your purse. A natty development in brown-and-red silk is shown on page 32. The pattern includes four styles, and comes in two sizes, ladies and misses. This design in ladies' size requires a half yard of thirty-six-inch material.

No. 5673, Ladies' Scout Blouse (15 cents).—This novel design for sports wear is illustrated in one view on page 32 in brown serge, coat-blouse style. The other model is linen in shirt-waist effect, with scarf-tie of red silk. The pattern cuts in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust. For size thirty-six it requires three and three-eighth yards of forty-four-inch material.

No. 5647, Ladies' Eight-Gored Skirt (15 cents).—The narrow side-gore is a unique feature in this new paneled model. It will be serviceable and stylish in brown serge or black eponge, as shown on page 32. The pattern cuts in eight sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-six inches waist measure. Size twenty-six requires two and three-quarter yards of forty-four-inch material, and measures two and an eighth yards at the lower edge.

No. 5567, Ladies' Dress (15 cents).—The model on page 34 has vestee and skirt of black, with waist and tunic of brown velvet in magpie effect. Fitch fur, tassels and embroidered arrows, Transfer Design No. 570, make rich adornment. The pattern cuts in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires five and seven-eighth yards of forty-four-inch material. The skirt is a yard and three-eighths in width.

No. 5574, Ladies' Waist (15 cents).—Two developments are shown on page 34. In one, Venise lace and mahogany satin in a floral pattern are combined in an ultra-smart effect. The other was made of gray satin and brocade, with vestee of shadow lace. The pattern may be had in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. Three yards of forty-four-inch material are required for size thirty-six.

No. 5683, Ladies' One-Piece Yoke Skirt (15 cents).—A mahogany satin foundation and flowered tunic was used in one skirt, shown on page 34. Plain and brocaded gray satin combined effectively in the other development. The pattern comes in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure. Size twenty-six requires three and a half yards of forty-four-inch material, and measures a yard and a half at the hem.

No. 5653, Ladies' Dress (15 cents).—This model is illustrated on page 35 in coat-blouse effect, in plain brown satin and satin with gold design. The vestee was shadow lace, and the sash gold satin. The pattern cuts in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires five and five-eighth yards of forty-four-inch material. The skirt measures one and five-eighth yards in width at the lower edge.

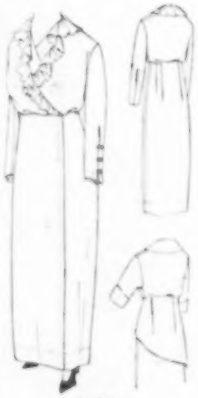
No. 5667, Ladies' Bolero with Guimpe (15 cents).—This jaunty jacket is comfortable and easy to make—both sterling qualifications. It is shown on page 35, in purple velvet and plaid over a lace guimpe. The embroidered motifs, Transfer Design No. 570, make a clever trimming. The pattern comes in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust. The bolero requires in size thirty-six, one and three-eighth yards of forty-four-inch material.

No. 5669, Ladies' One-Piece Skirt (15 cents).—This design is especially suitable for the new plaids, as shown on page 35. The tuck gives a peg-top effect, which is the last word in skirts. The pattern cuts in five sizes, from twenty-two to thirty inches waist measure. Size twenty-six requires two and three-quarter yards of forty-four-inch material, and, with pleats drawn out, measures a yard and five-eighths around the bottom.

No. 5665, Ladies' Waist (15 cents).—The influence of the popular bolero is felt in this design. The model on page 35 was made of lavender chiffon and a multi-hued silk that bespeaks the Orient. Fitch fur adds the crowning touch. The pattern comes in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. Two and an eighth yards of forty-four-inch material are required for size thirty-six.

No. 5661, Ladies' Two-Piece Skirt (15 cents).—The novel closing and graceful draperies make this design. The pattern cuts in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure. Size twenty-six requires two and seven-eighth yards of forty-four-inch material. At the lower edge the skirt is one and a quarter yards wide.

(For other views see pages 32, 34 and 35).



5653

5667

5669

5665

5661

5567
Transfer Design No. 570

5574—5683

5574—5683

RECENT MANIFESTATIONS OF THE POPULAR TUNIC GOWN

VELVET, FLOWERED AND BROCADED SILK USED WITH GOOD EFFECT

For other views and descriptions see page 33

5653

5667—5669

Arrowheads—Transfer Design No. 570

5665—5661

NEW PRESENTATIONS OF TUNICS AND VEST

DESIGNS WHICH CARRY THAT SUBTLE SOMETHING KNOWN AS STYLE

For other views and descriptions see page 33

MID-SEASON MODELS ADAPTED TO WARM-WEATHER WEAR

TYPES OF GOWNS SUITABLE FOR A TRIP TO SOUTHERN RESORTS

For other views and descriptions see page 38

5679—5611—5639 Hat

5671—5678—5651 Hat

5657—5527

FRESH CLOTHES FOR THE MID-WINTER FLORIDA FLITTING

EQUALLY FIT FOR EVENING DRESS OR FOR THE STAY-AT-HOMES

For other views and descriptions see page 38

QUITE IN THE PRESENT FASHION

Economical Patterns for Dresses and Coat Just Now High in Popular Favor

5649

5662

5655

5663

5679

No. 5649, Ladies' Dress (15 cents).—This enchanting model for the evening gown, displayed on page 36, was developed in figured charmeuse, shadow lace and black tulle. The pattern comes in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires six and a half yards of forty-four-inch material. The skirt measures two yards at the hem in sweep length.

No. 5662, Misses' Dress (15 cents).—Here is an embroidered model, with bolero and tunic that has felt the effect of the French "Minaret". The pattern comes in five sizes, from fourteen to eighteen years. Size sixteen requires four and three-quarter yards of forty-four-inch material. The skirt is one-piece, and measures a yard and a quarter at the hem.

No. 5655, Ladies' Waist (15 cents).—Milady's frills call to mind the nineteenth-century dandy. This model also claims the new raglan sleeve. Mull, crepe de Chine, or a soft silk will be effective. The pattern cuts in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires three and three-quarter yards of thirty-six-inch material.

No. 5663, Ladies' Three-Piece Skirt (15 cents).—Citron-green eponge in a diagonal weave was used in the development of this modish and practical model. The pattern comes in eight sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-six inches waist measure. Size twenty-six requires three and a quarter yards of forty-four-inch material. The skirt measures a yard and seven-eighths at the lower edge.

No. 5679, Ladies' Waist (15 cents).—Sheer lace and silk combine to make this model appear a creation handed down from fairyland. An attractive variation of the design in bordered material is shown in the small view. The pattern cuts in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires three and a quarter yards of forty-four-inch material.

No. 5611, Ladies' One-Piece Skirt (15 cents).—The ultra-smart drapery, giving a fetching "hiked" effect in front, make the model best suited for soft fabrics. The pattern comes in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure. Size twenty-six requires two and five-eighth yards of forty-four-inch material, and measures one and three-eighth yards around the bottom.

No. 5639, Ladies' or Misses' Hats (15 cents).—This square-brim model will please the heart of the woman looking for the artistic and unusual. A charming development is in allover embroidery. The pattern includes several stunning shapes, and is cut in one size only. The hat requires one and three-eighth yards of eighteen-inch material.

No. 5671, Ladies' Waist (15 cents).—With the vogue for sheer laces, a design like this is indeed welcome. The frill is cut in one with the waist, making it especially suitable for flouncing. The pattern may be had in five sizes, from thirty-two to forty inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires five yards of twenty-five-inch lace or bordered material.

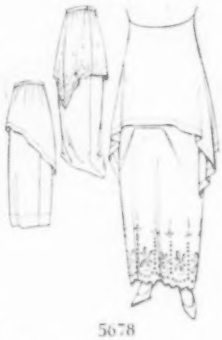
No. 5678, Ladies' Skirt (15 cents).—In this design the ever-smart and popular tunic appears in two forms. The pattern comes in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure. Size twenty-six requires two and seven-eighths yards of forty-four-inch material, with two and a half yards of twenty-five-inch material for the one-piece tunic. The skirt measures one and a half yards at the hem.

No. 5651, Ladies', Misses' and Girls' Caps and Bonnets (15 cents).—Have you seen the jaunty jockey caps? In vivid-colored satins, they pass on every side. Other equally smart styles are included in the pattern, which cuts in three sizes, ladies', misses' and girls'. The misses' size requires a half yard of thirty-six-inch material.

No. 5657, Ladies' Coat (15 cents).—The pattern is in three sizes, small, medium and large. Medium size requires five and three-eighths yards of forty-four-inch material.

No. 5527, Ladies' Skirt (15 cents).—Drapery appears in a charming diversity of forms. In this crepe de Chine model it is cleverly arranged at the center-front. The pattern comes in five sizes, from twenty-two to thirty inches waist measure. Size twenty-six requires three and a quarter yards of forty-four-inch material, and measures a yard and three-eighths at the lower edge.

5611


5678

5671

5527

5657

For other views see pages 36 and 37

HOUSE AND STREET DRESS OF SMART SIMPLICITY

OF FIRST IMPORTANCE ARE SPORTS COATS AND DAYTIME GOWNS

For other views and descriptions see page 40

PRACTICAL PATTERNS FOR SMART CLOTHES

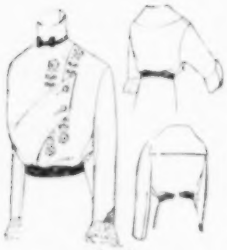
These Are Reliable Guides for the Amateur Sewer Who Makes Her Own Garments

4729

NO. 4729, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—Glancing through these pages in search of a simple, sensible design for a serviceable gown many women will pause at this model, which represents diverse attractions. It is pretty and becoming, conservative in cut and well within the constructive powers of the novice. The pattern for it comes in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. In size thirty-six it calls for four yards and one-half of material forty-four inches wide. The skirt, which measures two yards and five-eighths at the hem, is made with six gores.

No. 5431, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT (15 cents).—A green English mixture makes this coat undeniably of the "sports" variety. Collar and cuffs of plain cloth and novelty bone buttons provide smart trimmings. The pattern may be had in three sizes, small, medium and large. In medium size three yards and seven-eighths of forty-four-inch material are required for making.

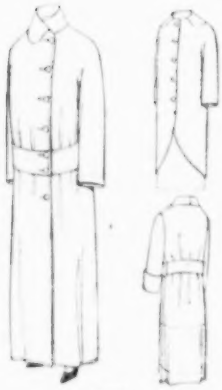
No. 5529, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—Velour de laine, exquisitely supple, is the material of this skirt. Hidden by the coat, it has a graceful half-girdle extending forward from the broad pleat in which the fulness at the upper back is laid. The pattern comes in five sizes, twenty-two to thirty inches waist measure. Size twenty-six requires two yards and seven-eighths of forty-four-inch material, and measures one yard and five-eighths at the lower edge.



5489
Transfer Design No. 554

No. 5489, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—That challie is never old-fashioned this charming model effectively demonstrates. Upon a white ground is traced a delicate design in black. The blouse has a draped tab-closing and a draped collar of white satin. The pattern for it comes in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. Size thirty-six calls for two yards and five-eighths of thirty-six-inch material. Transfer Design No. 554 was used. Price, 10 cts.

No. 5491, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—Sister design to No. 5498 is this skirt, made to repeat the tab which is the distinguishing feature of the blouse. The pattern is graded in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure. Size twenty-six is one yard and three-fourths wide at the hem, and two yards and five-eighths of forty-four-inch material are required.



5431

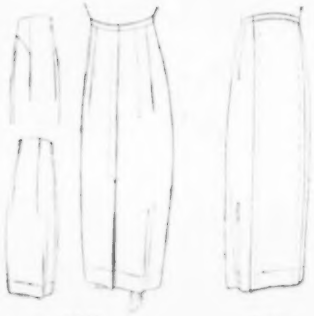
No. 4853, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—This is another dress that even the most timid of seamstresses need not hesitate to attempt. Gray-and-green madras has been used in the pictured development, and a well-washing quality was insisted upon. The pattern comes in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure, and in size thirty-six requires four yards and one-half of forty-four-inch material. The skirt is made with four gores. Around the bottom it measures two yards and five-eighths.

No. 5686, LADIES' COAT (15 cents).—Two very new and very smart features give distinction to this short coat—the upstanding collar and the raglan sleeve. Black wool charmeuse is the developing material. The pattern comes in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires to make two yards and one-half of material forty-four inches wide. Transfer Design No. 570 was used for the arrow-heads. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5229, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—One side draped and the other plain, this skirt illustrates the fashion for irregularity in design. In the picture it is slightly slashed, but the seam can be closed, if desired. The pattern comes in seven sizes, twenty-two to thirty-four inches waist measure. Size twenty-six calls for two yards and three-fourths of forty-four-inch material. At the lower edge it measures one yard and five-eighths.

No. 5682, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Quite the latest word in smartness is this charming vest. Made in the garment illustrated of green duvetyne, with upper section and sleeves of green-and-white crêpe, it has the easy fit of the latest mode, suggesting the English word "swagger". The pattern may be had in five sizes, thirty-two to forty inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires two yards and one-eighth of forty-four-inch material.

No. 5588, LADIES' ONE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—Emphasizing the drawn-up-in-the-front effect which is fashion's newest caprice. The pattern is in five sizes, from twenty-two to thirty inches waist measure. Size twenty-six requires two yards and three-fourths of forty-four-inch material. The hem measurement is one yard and one-half.



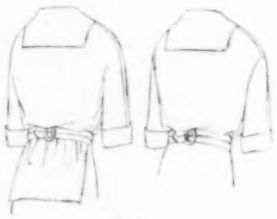
5529 5491

(For other views see pages 39 and 41)

4853

5229

5588



5682

5686

4853

5686—5229
Transfer Design No. 570.

5682—5588

SHORT COATS AND REAL VESTS ARE COMING FASHIONS

THREE COSTUMES LIKE THESE ARE ESSENTIAL TO EVERY WARDROBE

For other views and descriptions see opposite page

MEETING ALL THE SOCIAL NEEDS

Hatted for the Street and In Simple or Ornate Garb

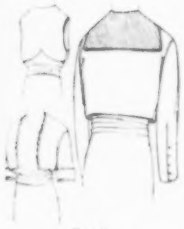
5396—5668 5672—5620, Hat 5652—5639, Hat

No. 5652, Misses' Shirt-Waist Dress (15 cents).—Brown striped serge and white silk were used in the attractive view above. The other model is frankly for sports wear, in linen and gray worsted, with red belt and tie. The pattern cuts in six sizes, from thirteen to eighteen years. Size fifteen requires three and three-quarter yards of forty-four-inch material. The skirt is three or four gored, and at the lower edge measures one yard and five-eighths in width.

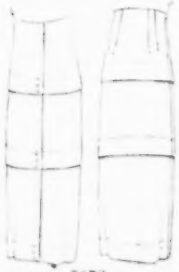
No. 5644, Misses' Three-Piece Skirt (15 cents).—Now Sweet Sixteen trips forth decked in her new banded skirt. The model on the right below was made of dark blue cheviot, with bias bands of Scotch plaids in green, blue, and yellow tones. The pattern is made in six sizes, from thirteen to eighteen years. Two and a quarter yards of forty-four-inch material are required for size fifteen. The skirt measures a yard and a quarter at the hem.

No. 5620, Ladies', Misses' and Girls' Hats (10 cents).—The chic pattern cuts in three sizes, ladies', misses' and girls'. The pattern envelopes give amounts of material for various sizes.

(*For description of Hat No. 5480 see page 37*)



5668
Transfer Design No. 323



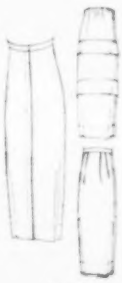
5672

No. 5396, Misses' Shirt Waist (15 cents).—Now Mistress Mary claims loose, roomy lines and sheer, soft fabrics for her separate blouse. The charming model shown under the boleros on this page is gracefully gathered below a yoke and has the new epaulette collar. Shadow lace was used effectively in this development. The pattern may be had in five sizes, from fourteen to eighteen. Size sixteen takes two yards of thirty-six-inch goods.

No. 5668, Misses' Bolero (15 cents).—These chic little jackets have found a prominent place in styles for the young girl. The model shown above was in truth bewitching, made of Russian green velvet, trimmed with brocade and fur. In Scotch plaid, it gives the ultra-smart touch in the costume on the right. The pattern cuts in six sizes, from thirteen to eighteen years. Size fifteen requires a yard and five-eighths of material forty-four inches wide. Transfer Design No. 323 was used. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5672, Misses' Skirt (15 cents).—Simplicity is the prime factor of youthful clothes. This fur-trimmed skirt of green velvet, with its circular tucks, fairly breathes the breath of Paris, yet is so girlish and practical the most conservative need not hesitate in choosing it. Two possibilities are provided, allowing peplum and lower section to be cut in two or three pieces, with or without front seam. The pattern comes in five sizes, from fourteen to eighteen years. Size sixteen requires three and a quarter yards of forty-four-inch material, and is a yard and three-eighths wide at the lower edge.

5396



5644

5652

5652—5620 Hat 5396—5644—5668—5480, Hat

OF THE YOUNGER SET OF GIRLS

Appropriately Gowned for Ball or Afternoon Reception

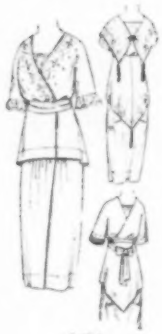
No. 5646, Misses' Dress (15 cents).—Nell-rose satin combined with shadow lace in making this a creation of the daintiest description. Ribbon roses hold the sash in place, the butterfly is edged with sparkling beads, and a quaint Elizabethan ruff finishes the neck. The fetching hike of the skirt and graceful pointed tunic are among fashion's foremost features. Pleasing variations of this design are shown in the other views. The pattern comes in five sizes, from fourteen to eighteen years. The dress, of one material, requires for size sixteen, three and a half yards of fifty-four-inch material. The skirt is one-piece, and measures one yard and three-eighths at the hem.

No. 5676, Misses' Dress (15 cents).—The charming model shown below is in happy harmony with the lithe lines and rosy cheeks of youth. The crossed drapery and tilt of the tunic mark the frock Parisian. White crêpe de Chine was used in the development, with bretelles of sheer lace and tunic of brocaded velvet, in canary hue, edged with ermine. The small views show an attractive adaptation in bordered material. The pattern cuts in five sizes, from fourteen to eighteen years. The dress, of one material, requires four yards of forty-four-inch material for size sixteen. The one-piece skirt measures a yard and a quarter.

5646 5676

5317

4682



5676

5317—5646, Skirt 4682

Transfer Design No. 571

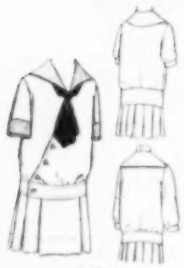
No. 5317, Ladies' and Misses' Coat (15 cents).—How dear to the heart of maid and matron are the whimsical belted-in effects! A trend of this mode is illustrated in this mole-plush and ermine evening coat. The garment is conspicuous for its charm, comfort and all-around utility. Velours, brocades and satin contribute their splendor to wraps of this type. A development suitable for street wear is shown in the small views. The pattern may be had in three sizes, small, medium and large. In any size the coat requires three and a quarter yards, and the collar and cuffs one and a quarter yards of forty-four-inch material.

No. 4682, Misses' Dress (15 cents).—Should the merry maid choose a luxurious fabric, her frock must be void of flounce and furbelow. The model pictured above is truly beauty unadorned. A pale blue figured satin, soft as chiffon, and fur trimmings were used in the development. The little ruby jeweled butterflies, developed by Transfer Design No. 571, add a glow of contrasting color. Other conceptions of this design, suitable for messaline or the sheerer fabrics, are shown in the small views. The pattern comes in five sizes, from fourteen to eighteen years. Size sixteen requires four yards of forty-four-inch material. The skirt is two-piece, and measures two yards at the lower edge.

5646

New and Practical Designs

Although Easy to Make, These Display All the Ruling Style


5656

5666

5642 5138

No. 5674, Girl's Dress (15 cents).—The bolero has found its way into the garments for the Lilliputians. The black-and-white kilted skirt, the sheer mull blouse, and quaint black velvet jacket accentuate the rosy cheek of youth. The pattern comes in five sizes, from six to fourteen years. For size eight the jacket, waist and skirt require three and three-quarter yards of thirty-six-inch material.

No. 5656, Girl's Dress (15 cents).—Diagonal closings are quite as attractive to Mistress Mary as to her older sisters. Bright plaids in serge, chambray or gingham lend freshness and charm to the junior dresses. The pattern comes in five sizes, from six to fourteen years. It requires for size eight, three and three-quarter yards of thirty-six-inch material.

No. 5666, Boy's Russian Suit (15 cents).—To-day comfort and style are combined in the clothes of robust young America. Serge and chambray are employed in these suits. The pattern comes in five sizes, from two to six years. Size four requires two and seven-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material.

No. 5642, Child's Dress (15 cents).—The whimsical placing of the low waistline is an ever-popular and attractive feature. This design is endeared to our hearts by its sweet simplicity. The dainty challie, with bright splashes of color, seems made purposely for this frock. The collar, cuffs and sash are made of Persian-blue messaline. A charming development in flouncing is shown in the small view. The pattern comes in four sizes, from two to eight years. Size four requires two and one-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material.

No. 5138, Boy's Overcoat (15 cents).—Here we have a practical and seasonable design for the little man. In this type of garment belts predominate, adding a smart touch. A rough mixed cloth was used for the model illustrated. In this cloth purple, green and brown glisten in the sunlight. Tweed, chinchilla or broadcloth could be used with excellent effect. The pattern may be had in seven sizes, from two to fourteen years. It requires for the eight-year size, two and a quarter yards of forty-four-inch material.

No. 5330, Boys' Hats (10 cents).—How pleased the little chap will be with a cap of the same material as his coat. This model is easy to make, and when finished will cost but a fraction of the store price. The development is in English suiting, but corduroy or shepherd check would give equally good results. This very practical pattern comes in three sizes, small, medium and large. The medium size requires five-eighths of a yard of twenty-seven-inch material.

For School and Playtime

Smart Little Dresses and Coats Features of the Present Day

No. 5664, Child's Dress (15 cents).—This design strikes the happy harmony that should exist between the childish figure and the frock that covers it. Navy-blue galatea, with white trimmings, was used in the development. The pattern comes in five sizes, from two to ten years. Size eight requires four and three-eighths yards of material thirty-six inches wide.

No. 5648, Girl's Dress (15 cents).—Charming and rational are the fashions this year for children. The shepherd's check, with its white bandings, carries dash and style. The pattern comes in five sizes, from four to twelve years. Size eight requires three and a half yards of thirty-six-inch material.

No. 5650, Child's Romper or Creeper (10 cents).—Play-suits occupy so important a place that we greet this attractive design with genuine delight. Striped linen was used in making the garment. The pattern comes in four sizes, from six months to three years. Size two requires two and a quarter yards of twenty-seven-inch material.

No. 494, Transfer Design for Rag Doll (10 cents).—Red Riding-Hood Set No. 4350, (Price, 10 cents), was used for Dolly's dress and bonnet.

No. 5658, Girl's Coat (15 cents).—Pleasing indeed is this black velvet, ermine-trimmed coat. The attractive pattern comes in six sizes, from four to fourteen years. Size eight requires two and five-eighths yards of forty-four-inch material.

No. 4990, Girl's Fur Set (10 cents).—The pattern for tippet, hat and muff cuts in two sizes, small and large. The large-sized muff and collar require one and three-quarter yards of 27-inch goods.

No. 5384, Girl's Dress (15 cents).—This pretty pattern comes in five sizes, from four to twelve years. Size eight requires three and a quarter yards of thirty-six-inch material. Transfer Design No. 570 was used. Price, 10 cents.

5384

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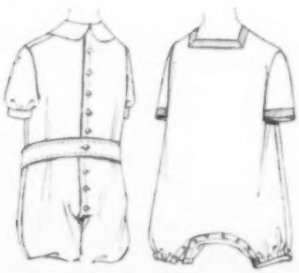

5650

5648

GOOD LINES FOR STOUT FIGURES

Women No Longer Young as Well Provided For as Their More Slender Sisters

NO. 5581, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—An attractive development is in popular coat-blouse effect. Embroidered arrows, Transfer Design No. 570, make pretty trimming on the other model. The pattern cuts in nine sizes, from thirty-two to forty-eight inches bust measure. Size forty-four requires four yards and three-quarters of forty-four-inch material, with one yard extra for peplum It is two yards wide at the hem.

No. 5563, LADIES' ONE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—The odd closing and long, graceful pleats are attractive features. The skirt is shown in satin and diagonal cheviot. The pattern cuts in seven sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-four inches waist measure. Size thirty-four requires two yards and five-eighths of forty-four-inch material, and measures two yards around the bottom.

No. 5549, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS (15 cents).—Serge or chambray could be used with good effect in this stylish model. The pattern comes in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure. For size forty-four, six yards of forty-four-inch material are required. The skirt is in four gores, and at the hem measures two yards and three-eighths. Transfer Design No. 294 used. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5469, LADIES' COAT (15 cents).—The graceful cutaway front makes this a very desirable model for a stout figure. Smart variations of the design are shown in the small views. The pattern may be had in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. It requires for size forty-four, three yards and one-eighth of forty-four-inch material. The coat is in two lengths.

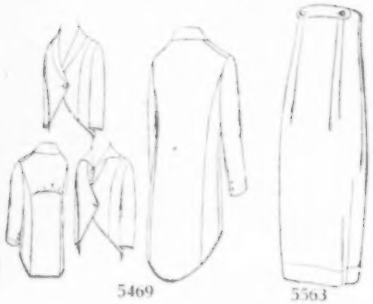
WOMEN who have lost the slenderness of youth often wear only the simplest of old-fashioned clothes because they fear any attempt to keep up with the styles will draw attention to their too ample proportions. They can make no greater mistake than this. A judicious use of the draped skirt, or a well-cut peplum, will really conceal a defect in the figure. Drapery, skilfully placed between hips and knees, has the effect of reducing the apparent size of the hips. So, too, with the waist. A large woman looks better in a loose waist than in one made skin-tight. With care in choosing a model any woman can keep up with the fashions of the day.

5549
Transfer Pattern No. 294

5469—5563

5581
Transfer Pattern No. 570

5469—5563



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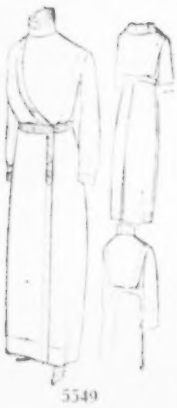

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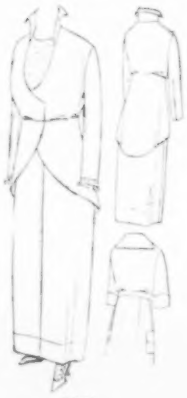


5581

MAINTAINING THE SILHOUETTE

It Can Only Be Preserved by Correctly Chosen Designs for All Needful Toggery

5660

NO. 5660, LADIES' AND MISSES' APRON (10 cents).—The style in aprons to-day follows close on the heels of smart fashions. The deep-pointed front and graceful bretelles crossed in the back claim special notice in this design. White linen or fine cambric will make up attractively with embroidered band trimming. Other pretty variations are shown in the small views. The pattern cuts in three sizes, small, medium and large. The medium size requires three yards and five-eighths of twenty-seven-inch material.

No. 5670, GIRL'S PRINCESS SLIP OR PETTICOAT (10 cents).—Dainty undermuslins delight the child as well as her mother. This little slip was made of fine white muslin, with flounce of embroidery. The neck and armholes were finished with embroidered scallops, Transfer Design No. 323, thereby doubling the value of the garment. Two styles of back are shown in the small views. The pattern may be had in seven sizes, from two to fourteen years. Three yards and three-eighths of twenty-seven-inch material are required for size eight.

5660

No. 5651, LADIES', MISSES' AND GIRLS' CAPS AND BONNETS (15 cents).—How about that jaunty little hat with the big price tag? My, how you longed for it, went back and looked at it, tried it on and dreamed about it! To-day that dream comes true. There are five of the newest, nattiest styles imaginable contained in this pattern, which cuts in three sizes, ladies', misses' and girls'. From three-quarters to a yard and a quarter of eighteen-inch material is required for the different models.

5670
Transfer Design No. 323

No. 5685, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESSING SACQUE, OR NEGLIGEE (15 cents).—We welcome here a departure from the old hang-away model. This matinee has a belted-in effect rivaling blouse and opera cloak. Bordered material is shown in a dainty development with sheer lace frills. Further possibilities are illustrated in the small views. The pattern is in three sizes, small, medium and large. Medium takes three yards of forty-four-inch goods.

5670
Transfer Design No. 323

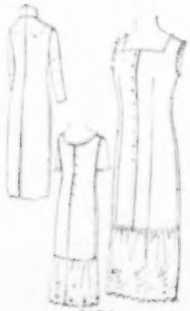
5651

No. 5659, LADIES' THREE- OR FOUR-GORED PRINCESS SLIP (15 cents).—Lace frocks and transparent fabrics make pretty under-slips a necessity. Crêpe de Chine, India silk, or lawn can be used with good effect in the development. This practical design is easily made and can be opened front or back. The pattern comes in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires five yards of thirty-six-inch material, and measures two yards at the lower edge.

5685

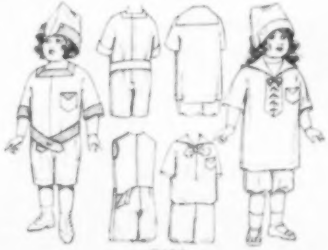
No. 5654, MISSES' THREE- OR FOUR-GORED PRINCESS SLIP (15 cents).—The younger generation, too, must discard bunchy undermuslins and don clinging slips in harmony with their frocks. This graceful model opens front or back. Batiste was employed in the development, embroidered with scallops and butterflies, Transfer Designs Nos. 294 and 540. The pattern cuts in six sizes, from thirteen to eighteen years. Size fifteen requires three yards and five-eighths of thirty-six-inch material. The slip is a yard and three-eighths wide around the bottom.

5654
Transfer Designs Nos. 294 and 540


5654

No. 5645, MEN'S AND YOUTHS' SHIRT (15 cents).—Surprise him with a shirt just like the silk one he saw down town. This model is as easily made as a woman's blouse and will cost about half as much as the ready-made shirt. The design is suitable for silk, flannel, madras, chambray or printed goods. The pattern comes in ten sizes, from thirteen and a half to eighteen inches neck measure. Size fifteen requires three yards and a half of thirty-six-inch material.

No. 5680, DOLL'S SET FOR BOY OR GIRL DOLL (10 cents).—Plain, simple styles have found their way into dolly's wardrobe. Lady Jane has a middy blouse suit and hat, while Buster Brown sports rompers, smart as any real live girl or boy ever had. The pattern comes in five sizes, for dolls from fourteen to thirty inches in length. The hat requires a half yard of any width, and the rompers or bloomer suit three-quarters of a yard of thirty-six-inch material for size twenty-two. Any little girl can easily make this set.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THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Lesson No. 35. Boy's Russian Blouse Suit

Conducted by MARGARET WHITNEY

MANY persons will tell you that you need not take the trouble to make your boy's little suits, because you can buy such satisfactory ones ready-made. But it is so much cheaper to make them than to buy that the saving is an important consideration, and they are so easily made that you will not find the work at all hard. In our lesson this month I will tell you how to make a simple little Russian blouse suit; once you have learned to do this, you will find that you will have no difficulty at all with the more elaborate and intricate patterns.

The pattern I have selected is No. 5666, which provides the blouse and knickerbockers. There is no underbody, but the knickerbockers can be buttoned to the boy's little underwaists and a plain white dickey or shield can be cut and made in a short time by this pattern.

As illustrated in Fig. 1, the suit is made of black-and-white checked serge, the collar overfaced with white serge. If you think that necessitates too frequent cleaning, you can make the collar of the checked serge and by the same pattern cut separate white piqué collars to be buttoned on over the serge collar. In this way the suit can be kept always clean and fresh, with very little trouble. The hat, too, is made at home, and from the same material as the suit, a pretty fashion of the day which many mothers approve. This hat is cut by McCall Pattern for Boys' Hats, No. 5330.

In Fig. 3 you will see how to lay your pattern on the material, both suit and hat being given in the diagram. The serge is forty-two inches wide, and for the suit and hat, as illustrated for a boy of four, you will require two yards and a quarter. Fold the goods in the middle lengthwise, and pin the pattern on it as illustrated. The back of blouse (B), and the collar (C), are laid with the edges marked by three crosses, (✚) on the fold. The fronts of blouse (F), fronts of trousers (H), backs of trousers (K), sleeves (S), and lap are placed with four large circles (●) lengthwise of goods. This gives you the back and collar in one piece, the two fronts of the blouse, two sleeves, and two fronts and two backs for the trousers. The hat is placed with the edges of all three pieces marked with a single cross (✚), top of crown (C), side crown (K), and brim (Y), on the fold, in order to have but one seam in brim and side crown.

FIG. 1—BOY'S RUSSIAN BLOUSE SUIT, NO. 5666
BOY'S HAT NO. 5330

After you have carefully cut all notches and marked all perforations, fold and lay aside the pieces for hat and trousers until you have finished the blouse. Baste shoulder and under-arm seams, matching the notches, and try on. Fit the seams smoothly, taking up or letting out as may be necessary, and trim out the armholes if too tight. Pin seams exactly as they fit the child, then take off the blouse, and before taking out the pins baste the shoulder seams exactly as they are pinned. Then stitch along the line of basting and pull out the basting-threads. Holding the back toward you, trim off one edge of the shoulder-seams a quarter of an inch above the line of stitching, fold the front edges of the seams back, turn under raw edges, baste, and stitch again, as close to the fold edge as possible.

Next, lay the pleats in the lower parts of the sleeves. Crease the material at the crosses (✚), bring the creases over to the small circles (●) to form an inverted pleat, as shown in Fig. 1, and stitch to position along the edges, as high up as the top of extension. Underface the sleeves at the hand with a bias strip of the material two inches wide, stitch flat and press. Turn under the extension at the front of the sleeve (the side marked with four large circles), and hem down by hand with stitches invisible on the right side. Let that at the back extend for an underlap and bind the raw edge with narrow silk seam-binding.

When the sleeves are finished at the hand, take the pins out of the under-arm seams of the blouse, turn in the edges of the armholes to the wrong side three-eighths of an inch, and turn the tops of the sleeves to the right side also three-eighths of an inch; lap the armholes over the sleeves until both raw edges are covered, and stitch both fold edges close to the edge. Now, holding the blouse right side out, baste the under-arm seams exactly as they have been pinned—it would be wise to mark the places of the pins by basting-threads, when taking them out—and stitch underarms and sleeves in continuous seams from the bottom of the blouse to the tops of extensions on the sleeves, and far enough outside the basting-line so that when the blouse is turned and stitched again in a French seam, this second line of stitching will come exactly where the pins were placed in fitting. Before turning for the second stitching, trim the raw edges of the seam quite close to the first row of stitching.

Turn up the bottom of the blouse along line of large circles (●) for a hem, narrowly turn in the raw edge, and stitch close to the fold edge.

By the pattern for the fronts, cut facings for the revers, either of the material or of white serge, as suggested at the beginning of this lesson. Cut the facings one inch beyond the line of small circles (●) in the pattern. Place facings on fronts, right sides together, and stitch around the top, down the length and across the bottom. Turn facings right side out, push the corners out flat, and baste all around. Turn under the free edges and hem by hand to the wrong side of blouse, with stitches invisible on the right side. Press heavily under a damp cloth until dry, to make the revers keep their shape; fold back along the line of small circles (●) and press again lightly under a dry cloth.

Both revers may be finished to the bottom, if you like, and the blouse folded either way—an advantage, if one side should become soiled; but if you are making it of heavy material that might be too bulky, cut off the right-front along the dotted line you will see in the diagram, Fig. 3, and finish exactly as for the full-length rever.

Cut a lining for the collar of satin or farmer's satin, using collar pattern for size and shape. Lay collar and lining right sides together and stitch all around except at the neck edge. Turn and press. Then place right side of collar to wrong side of the blouse, neck edges even, center-

back to center-back, and ends of collar exactly meeting the revers. Pin the serge side of collar to position, easing it in around the turn of the neck; baste and stitch. Then on right side of blouse, underneath the collar, hem the satin lining down to cover the seam. Be sure to hem it so that it will neither be so loose as to hang down and show, nor so tight as to draw and pucker the collar. Make straps of the serge about a half-inch wide, and long enough to slip a wide belt through, and tack them to the underarm seams, with lower ends at small circles (●).

To make the knickerbockers, baste the two backs (K) together at the curved seam marked with single notch (>), and the two fronts (H), at the seam marked by two notches. Open the two pieces and, laying fronts and backs together, baste the straight outer seams from the extensions just above the three notches to the bottom of the legs. Match center seams of front and back exactly at crotch, and baste inner seams of legs from the crotch to the bottom. Match all the notches and pin the seams before basting, to avoid stretching. Take up the darts at each side of back by placing corresponding small circles (●) together. Try on and fit neatly, then take bastings out of inner seam of legs and stitch front and back center-seams, leaving front seam open between the two notches (>) for the lap. Also stitch outer seams, as basted.

Line the lap with a piece of lining material, stitching the pieces together around curved edge. Turn and press, and stitch the straight edge to right side of front, letting curved edge overlap left-front. Overcast raw edges of seam, joining lap and right-front. Stitch darts, and, without cutting, fold toward center-back, and press.

Open and press front, back and side seams with a heavy hot iron, placing a damp cloth between iron and goods, and pressing hard until the cloth is quite dry. Match seams at the crotch, as before, pin and baste again carefully, and stitch inner seam of leg. Open and press this seam also.

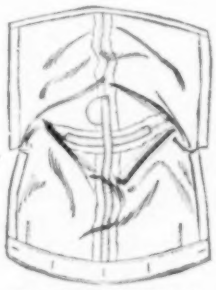


FIG. 2—REINFORCING INSIDE SEAMS

Reinforce seams in the seat of knickerbockers with strips of lining material three-quarters of an inch wide; fold under the edges of the strips an eighth of an inch and stitch, as illustrated in Fig. 2, over the stitching of center-back seam from the top to the upper edge of lap, and over the inner seam of legs for three inches on either side the center. Finish the openings at the sides by underfacing fronts with a strip of lining material, and notching free edge of extension on the back which serves as an underlap. Fasten the lower ends of openings securely, to keep them from tearing down.

FIG. 3—DIAGRAM FOR CUTTING

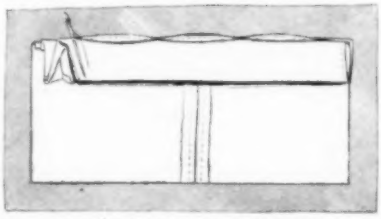


FIG. 4—SEWING IN WAISTBAND

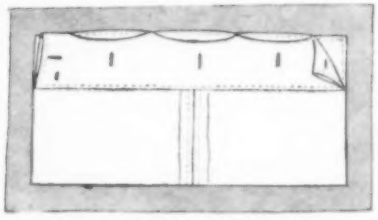


FIG. 5—SEWING IN WAISTBAND

Cut the back waistband from stout drilling by piece of pattern marked O, crease it at double small circles (●●) and bring fold over to large circles (●). This makes the band of three thicknesses. Turn in raw edges of band, and also upper edge of trousers, baste to it the upper turned-in edge of band, placing it one-sixteenth of an inch below fold edge of trousers, and stitch to position. Bring top fold of band to the upper edge, and tack it to position at intervals across the top, as illustrated in Fig. 4. Baste together lower fold-edge and lower free edge, and stitch to the trousers, as shown in Fig. 5. Work buttonholes in the band as you see them in Fig. 5. In the same way, cut and sew in the front belt cut by piece E of the pattern; notice, however, that this belt is an inch and a half shorter on either side than the front of trousers. Finish out the belt, after attaching it, with a piece of thin lining material hemmed down by hand all around, and in each end work a buttonhole through both lining and serge. These are the only buttonholes which must show on the outside. Sew buttons to correspond to these buttonholes on the outside of the back band, and buttons on the underbody to correspond to buttonholes in the belts.

Turn up the bottoms of the legs along row of small circles (●), turn under raw edges and stitch hems close to the edge. Run elastic in the hems to gather the trousers in just below the knees.

The pretty little middy hat, illustrated in Fig. 1, is made by McCall Pattern for Boys' Hats No. 5330. This includes several styles of hat besides this most attractive shape, any one of which may be easily made by Mother Dressmaker. I have selected the middy because it is very cunning for the little man of four or five, and many mothers are now making it for their small sons.

I showed you in the diagram, Fig. 3, how to lay the pattern on the material when cutting the suit. Cut in this way, it requires scarcely an eighth of a yard more of material. To make the hat, join the seams of side-crown as notched. Sew the side-crown to the top with notches (>) and edges even, taking a seam three-eighths of an inch deep. Cut a second section for the brim from the checked serge, and also cut two sections of canvas for a double interlining. Cut off the width of the seam, three-eighths of an inch, from the outer edge of the canvas sections, join the seams as notched, lay the two canvas sections together, seams inside, and sew them by hand with padding stitches. Then wet them thoroughly and press until quite dry with a hot iron to stiffen brim. Join the seams of the two cloth sections as notched, open, and press. Place them with right sides together, and stitch all around the outer edge, taking a three-eighths of an inch seam. Turn right side out, and press flat. Slip in canvas interlining, and stitch through both sections of cloth and canvas with a number of parallel rows of stitching. As you stitch, stretch outer edge of brim and hold in inner edge to fit the crown. This gives the brim the proper roll.

Sew inner edge of brim to lower edge of crown with seam at center-back. By the pattern for side-crown and top, cut a lining of black silk, make as directed for the crown, place inside the hat, wrong sides together, turn under the edge and hem down over the raw edges of the seam. A sweatband is optional. If you use it, cut bias, an inch and a half wide, from thin leather. Turn under upper edge once, and stitch flat. Briar-stitch lower raw edge inside the crown just over edge of lining. Cover the seam on the outside with a hatband of inch-wide black grosgrain ribbon.

Editor's Note.—Mrs. Whitney will be glad to assist you in the making of any garment. Write to her concerning any difficulty you may have, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

UTILIZING THE GARRET FOR THE CHILDREN

By GEORGE E. WALSH

MEMORIES of the old-fashioned garret, unfinished and with exposed rafters, filled to overflowing with all the discarded odds and ends of years, and festooned with dried seeds, pods, and sweet-smelling herbs, linger in the minds of many. On rainy days, with the falling drops pattering on the shingles, it was a pleasure to ransack through the accumulation of cast-offs, and discover things long since forgotten.

In many of the old New England homesteads, great treasures of antique relics have been uncovered, and more than one garret has yielded a small fortune to the owners. But times have changed. To-day, we dispose of cast-off goods more quickly, sending old clothes and magazines to the hospitals or charitable institutions. Despite this, many things that we cannot decide to give away must accumulate in every home. The garret, or attic, is the natural storage-room for them.

THE OLD-FASHIONED GARRET FILLED WITH THE ODDS AND ENDS OF YEARS

The garret is the last part of the house to receive the finishing touch of the builder. In fully one-third of the houses a part of the top floor is left unfinished, with exposed rafters. Sometimes, it is because the money gives out by the time the top floor is reached; at others, it is because the rooms are not really needed, and it seems a waste of money to spend more upon them for complete finishing.

"Some day," we say, "we will have those rooms finished so they can be used as extra bedrooms." But time goes on, and the attic is left untouched, and meanwhile becomes the general storage-room for the whole family. Everything not wanted is carried there to be left until needed, often being entirely forgotten, and therefore wasted.

IF A little study and work are given to the garret, it can be made much more useful, and, in a sense, one of the most attractive parts of the house. The cost of improving it is merely nominal. It makes an ideal playroom for the children. Ask them. The exposed rafters, the bare floors, the nooks and corners under the sloping roof, and the strange assortment of old things exercise a fascination over the childish mind that is quite irresistible. On stormy days, the drip, drip of the rain on the outside makes music for them.

To convert the garret into a playroom for the children, it must be cleaned and put in orderly condition. A little sorting of the goods will show that most of the truck is worthless. Give it away or burn it. The rest should be stored away in old trunks or packing-boxes, which may be shoved under the lower part of the rafters.

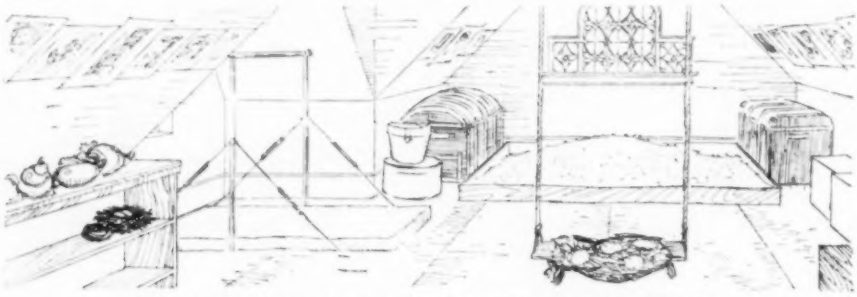
The floor in the attic should be covered with matting, if the noise that will be made by romping feet must be deadened; otherwise a painted floor is all right. It should be gone over with a scraper first to remove any splinters. Two coats of good paint will suffice. Oilcloth or linoleum makes a good floor covering, if there is probability of the children spilling water that may leak through and stain the ceiling of the bedrooms beneath.

In the middle of the attic, where the rafters come to a peak, select two of the stoutest and heaviest beams for supporting a swing. Fasten a stout piece of wood to two rafters, and bore holes through this for the swing rope. If the children are small, a swing made in this way will not weaken the roof beams.

At another point a horizontal bar can be put up in the same way. For small children a stout curtain-pole will be strong enough. Place this about four feet from the floor, and make a pad for the floor under it. The children cannot hurt themselves then, if they should fall.

WHEN the swing is not in use, the rings can be used. Suspend short lengths of rope from the middle beam of the highest part of the roof, and fasten ordinary iron or stout wooden rings to the lower ends of the ropes. The rings should hang well above the heads of the little ones, so that their feet will clear the floor, as they swing. Hooks should be placed on the sides of the roof, so that the rings can be put out of the way when not in use. The same is true of the swing, and the horizontal bar should be adjusted in holes so that it can be taken down at any time. In this way the attic is converted into a gymnasium for the little ones without much expense or inconvenience.

In a corner nearest the window, have a shallow box four or five by six or seven feet, made of ordinary boards.



THE GARRET CONVERTED INTO A PLAYROOM FOR THE CHILDREN

Get a barrelful of sea sand, or any fine sand, and dump into the shallow box. The children will then have sand to play in during the wintry days in a part of the house seldom seen by visitors.

To increase the pleasing effect of the garret, so the children will like it as a playroom, tack up pictures cut out of the magazines and papers. A little taste used in this will make a wonderful change in the room. Here, also, should be gathered and displayed all the collections made by the children at the seashore—old birds' nests, shells, pressed flowers and plants, pretty pebbles, stamps,

(Concluded on page 68)

WHEN THE SEAMSTRESS COMES

By AGNES ATHOL

EMPLOYING a seamstress may be a mother's greatest economy or greatest extravagance, not only according to the demands on her own time and strength but also in proportion to her good management of the seamstress' working day and previous preparation for her work.

In a family where there are a number of children—and somehow the very word family connotes children, does it not?—the regular employment of a seamstress one day a week, to look over the children's clothes, mend, finish new sewing, even to darn stockings and make buttonholes, is often the wisest and cheapest investment a mother can make. A seamstress of ordinary ability can be hired for a dollar and a half a day. A mother, whose nerves, let us say, are already overtaxed by a continuous succession of broken nights and interrupted days, and the multitude of other duties incumbent upon the head of a large household, may thus obtain freedom from what is often the most annoying occupation of any that falls to her, for the comparatively small sum of six dollars a month. Surely, a low price at which to buy peace of mind and ease of body!

The seamstress, who comes to the busy mother once a week, can accomplish in one day what would require, under the usual conditions, a distressed fraction of every day. If her work is properly planned in advance, it releases the housemother for real companionship with her children during their formative years; for naps, outings, or study of some subject which will help her, directly or indirectly, to be a better mother. The benefit of such relaxation on the mother's part cannot be estimated in any terms of money. It may mean just the difference between holding her children and losing their intimate friendship, when their minds are rapidly developing, and they need her.

If, however, the seamstress is left to herself too entirely, given futile work, or left without the assistance which, at certain points in her work, will more than halve the time required, employing her may become an extravagance. I had a dear old lady sew for me at one time, who told me of various experiences she had met with. She could only sew by hand, so charged but a dollar a day. I employed her to mend, darn stockings, and to sit with me basting and trimming when I was overrushed with work at the machine. One thing she told me was most remarkable and amusing.

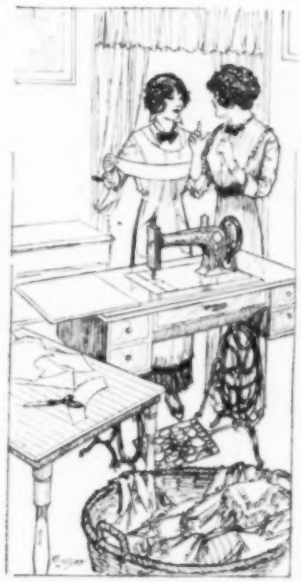
"I SIMPLY can't work for Mrs. Bennet again," she declared. "Whether she employs me just to be charitable, I don't know; maybe it's a mania she has. She collects all the sugar, salt, and flour bags that come into the house, washes them, and pays me a dollar a day to hem them for dusters and dish-cloths!"

Make sure, before you engage a seamstress, that the work you propose to put in her hands is worthy of her hire. If you are employing an expensive dressmaker at two or three dollars a day, do not give her work that a dollar-and-a-half woman could do just as well. Do that part yourself, or hire the lower-priced worker, reserving the skilled woman for cutting and fitting that you could get in no other way.

There is no doubt that home sewing produces garments superior in fit, finish, and durability to those bought ready-made. Whether the actual labor of making them is accomplished by the mother or a substitute, the result is the same. The additional expense of hiring a seamstress must be carefully considered; it may be that the cost is a small price to pay for quiet nerves, a fresh, dinner smile for Father, and a smooth temper. Or, it may mean that one is a little tempted to unnecessary laziness or lavishness. Each mother must decide this question for herself.

In my own case, there have been periods, stretching over months at a time, when I could not have managed without a weekly seamstress; again, times when an attempt at economy led me to give her up, with the invariable resultant tension of nerves, temper, and the entire sacrifice of all mental and recreative life, without which no mother can give the best to her family. It is my feeling that the loss in the serene atmosphere of my home is too great in proportion to what I may gain in dollars and cents by all my striving. When I come to count things from a practical basis, the economy does not amount to so very much. For instance, in three days, with the assistance of a dressmaker, I accomplished the same amount of work that took me ten days or two weeks to finish unaided. By investing four dollars and a half, I saved the family an irrevocable loss due to my feverish efforts to get through too much sewing, and was able acceptably to utilize party-worn gowns, difficult for me to remodel alone.

MY PLAN with the regular seamstress was to have her come the day after the laundress. The latter was instructed to separate from the others clothes that required attention, as she came to them in the ironing. These torn or buttonless garments were taken up-stairs in a huge basket, and left beside the sewing-table. When the sewing woman came, there was immediate work to be done without instruction from me. Very often a helper from outside gets to my house before I have finished superintending the children's breakfast, or seeing Father off to business. She finds, however, enough to keep her busy for an hour, if I cannot see her sooner, and yet she is doing something I want done, and not rushing along with work that later may be ripped out because I have not been consulted. The middle part of the day was often taken up with new sewing, especially during the wardrobe replenishing in spring and fall.



HAVE THE WORK FOR YOUR SEAMSTRESS PLANNED IN ADVANCE

Unless I expect an expert cutter, who will bring her own patterns, I always cut out all the work myself the day before, place it in order on the sewing-table, and see that the right numbers and sizes of thread, needles, sewing-silk, and everything else that will be needed are at hand in advance. As soon as I can, I sit down with my seamstress, take the work as it comes from the machine, prepare it for the next stitching, and attend to the little slow odd bits of work, such as basting or gathering, that eat into the worker's day. I am free to jump up and see to the requirements of the household, but that sense of working with somebody has been communicated, and I find my sewing woman flying along to keep up with my pace. When I think she has done enough machine-stitching to have become tired, I offer to take her place, and let her work

(Concluded on page 68)

MAKING DREAMS COME TRUE

A Department That Believes in Fairies

Conducted by JOSEPHINE GREGORY

SWEET sixteen is supposed to be the age for dreaming, and it is, doubtless, the time of life when our wishes first formulate themselves; but many a woman of fifty or sixty has hidden away in her heart one of those girlhood dreams that life has crowded back into the realm of unreality. For her it is still as sweet, alluring, and desirous as in the early days when first it grew up in her heart, but those about her little suspect its presence. The girl who passionately longs to be a great musician flings herself by her mother's side and pours out her yearnings, not expecting Mother to understand, and little dreaming that down in Mother's heart there is the same desire to express her soul in music.

It is to the middle-aged woman I would speak, begging that those neglected and forgotten dreams be brought to light. Your children are grown, they have moved to their own homes, or, if they be at home, their interests are many and no longer require your loving supervision. Your husband is not so busy as he once was. There is leisure and quiet in the home. Already you have withdrawn from life's gayer activities, leaving them to your sons and daughters, and old age threatens to settle down more quickly, for the reason that you have accepted the old-fashioned habits of the elderly, and allowed the customs of your grandmothers to wield their influence and make you seem older than you feel, either physically or in your young heart.

Then you remember that little, half-forgotten dream—one of the "long, long thoughts of youth". You have had a full life, and on the whole a happy one; the pleasures and pains that have filled your cup of experience have deepened knowledge and broadened love; yet in a far-off corner of your consciousness there remains a small unsatisfied desire. Perhaps it was an education you wished for; if so, it is not too late. There are dozens of elderly women going through our colleges to-day, and the correspondence courses are carrying university work to every cranny of the globe. A letter to one of the universities and a small fee will give you instruction by mail as thorough as you could get by personal attendance.

YOU AND HE PLANNED TO TRAVEL LATER ON

BUT you cannot leave home, you say, and are diffident about undertaking the required work of a correspondence course. Then educate yourself by your reading. All over this country there are busy housewives who are spending thirty minutes a day in good, solid reading, and the education thus built up is usually a very thorough and, therefore, most valuable one.

Do not attempt to cover too large a field at one time, and remember that scattered reading goes in one ear and out the other. You must have a definite line of study. Decide what is the subject which most interests you—it may be biography, or the history of your own country, or sociology, or some one of the sciences. Write to the librarian of your State university, telling him just how far your school education has extended, and ask him to recommend a list of books which would take you well along the path you have chosen. Tell him that you do not want works that are too technical, but that you wish to acquire a good general knowledge of your subject. When his list comes, secure the books from a public library, or, better still, buy them, one at a time, for it will be worth much to you to own a small, good library. Even if you have to deny yourself in the matter of clothes, money spent on an education is far better invested. Your returns will be of a self-satisfying nature, and will also be lasting; the kind that never depreciate, but continue to increase in value as you develop their possibilities as best suits your particular needs.

ANOTHER dream, perchance, of travel! You wished to see the world, taught school, indeed, one year, and saved your money for a trip abroad. Then Robert came a-wooing, and urged his claims so strongly that the trip was given up and the money spent for a trousseau. Talking it over together, you and he planned to travel later on; the very next year, in fact, if all went well in business. All did go well, but the baby came, and then there was the home to build, and so time passed until at last you ceased to say, "When we go to France," or "When we cross the ocean." But the dream was never quite forgotten, and so when Polly begged to travel, you saved up money, bit by bit, and let her tour the West.

Polly is married, and Mary, too, so it is time to take out that little dream, calk its seams, hoist its sails, and begin to make it seaworthy. Any one can travel who wishes to! Yes, I mean it, I am sure you can realize that long-deferred trip, for there is no age limit to dreams.

How to go about it? In the first place, analyze your dream, and you will see that it is not some particular country that is calling you so irresistibly, but simply a great desire for change of environment. You long to go to Europe, but cannot find time to take a pleasure jaunt to the next town. The cares of your home have fastened you down, and when any one suggests a holiday, you have formed the habit of saying, "I would love to go, but I cannot leave the home with no one to care for it." That habit must be banished if your dream-ship is to find harbor. When next you have an opportunity, lay down everything and go. The house will not run away, though you feel that it will. Even the shortest of trips prepares the way for your dream-trip.

In the meantime, take the dream-trip in books. Get books on European travel, read about it, study about it, secure a guide-book, and familiarize yourself with the points of interest along the route. Write to the companies who plan tours for parties, and ask them for booklets giving details. They will deluge you with valuable information, and, from the bulk of your reading and inquiring, you must decide on an exact itinerary, with the cost approximately figured out.

A penny bank will forward the dream. An old wooden box with a hole in the top will do for this purpose, and you should put it on the mantelpiece, for all to see. The girls will laugh at first, because you are just "Mother", and have always been a stay-at-home, but soon they will be slipping pennies in the bank. The grocer will probably buy your home-made citron and pickles, and whenever you make

(Concluded on page 65)

PRETTY THINGS MADE FROM RIBBON

Convenient for Dresser or Traveling-Bag

By ELIZABETH MACKENZIE ROTH

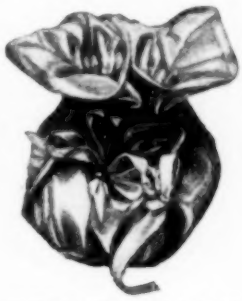
EVERY woman likes to have dainty, attractive personal belongings. Many pretty articles are inexpensive and easily made. Here are a few suitable for last-minute gifts, when time presses.

Six tiny corsage sachets require but three-quarters of a yard of two-inch ribbon. Make the pads, fill with wadding and sachet powder, and whip the top edges together. Pin a tiny brass safety-pin to each, ready to wear. Tie the six squares together with a piece of narrow ribbon, making a bow at the top. If wider ribbon is chosen, more will be needed for square pads.

CORSAGE SACHETS

A vanity bag may be made of wide ribbon, and have a mirror attached on the bottom, outside, and a box of powder inside. This requires half a yard of four-inch ribbon, the same amount of half-inch width, a yard and a quarter of baby ribbon, a tiny mirror, and a small box of face-powder. Cut a circular piece of cardboard the size of the mirror and cover with ribbon. Sew the half-inch ribbon on the wide piece half an inch from the top edge, as a casing, and buttonhole an eyelet at each side. Gather the bottom edge and sew to the covered circular piece. Glue the mirror to the bottom, outside, and the box of powder on the inside of the bag. Sew small silk cord around the edge of mirror to give a perfect finish. Run the baby ribbon in the casing and sew ribbon roses on the side. These may be of several harmonizing colors, with a soft tone of green for the leaves. They add greatly to the beauty of the bag.

A MIRROR AT THE BOTTOM OF THE VANITY BAG



DAINTY RIBBON VANITY BAG

A pin-roll may be made of half a yard of four or five inch ribbon, half a yard of one-inch, and a yard of two-inch ribbon. Make a mattress-shaped pincushion by joining two small pieces of the wide ribbon, with the half-inch ribbon to form the sides. For the long part of the roll, line the remaining piece of wide ribbon with flannel or eider-down. Sew the pincushion at one end of the inside. Cut two pieces of the two-inch ribbon and sew on the lining near the middle to form pockets for hairpins. To keep the roll together, tie with ribbon, or use hook and eye or snapper; if either of the latter two, make a bow of the two-inch ribbon, and sew at the top of the roll as a decorative feature. When this pin-roll is filled with pins of various kinds, it is a most acceptable little gift.

HAT-STAND WITH RIBBON AND LACE DECORATION

PRETTY AND USEFUL PIN-ROLL

Half a yard of crêpe de Chine, one wooden embroidery hoop, two yards of baby ribbon, and a few ribbon roses make a pretty handkerchief case. Cut two circular pieces of cardboard five inches in diameter, the same size as the wooden hoop, and cover with crêpe de Chine. Gather the piece of crêpe de Chine for the bag, and sew the gathered edge to one of the covered pieces, sewing the other one over it so that the bottom of the bag is neatly finished on both sides. An inch from the top make a heading, and sew the wooden hoop in it. Finish the top with baby ribbon, rolled, and here and there make a few loops. On the side, sew ribbon roses of a contrasting color. To close the bag, twist the top half-way around, and let it fall on the bottom. The weight of the hoop keeps it closed. This is large enough for a number of handkerchiefs. It may be scented by a small sachet.

THE PIN-ROLL OPEN

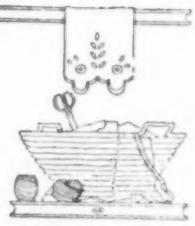
AN ORNAMENTAL hat tree may be very simply made. Cover a wooden standard, having a six-inch base, with satin ribbon. Pleat the ribbon around the base and wrap the stem. Finish the edge of base and wrap the stem with gold lace-braid, so that the satin ribbon on the latter shows in alternating spaces. Through the center of a four-inch disk of wood, turn a long thin screw. Cover the under side of disk where screw projects, with the ribbon, the same as you did the base. Over the top side make a semi-spherical cushion. Cover this with silk, add a frill of lace and two chiffon roses. Attach this to the stem by screwing in the center of the upper edge. Tie a bunch of chiffon roses just above the middle part of stem, with the gold braid, leaving several ends and loops for ornament.

HANDKERCHIEF CASE OF CRÊPE DE CHINE

If you keep at hand a box or bag where suitable pieces of silks, ribbons, laces and the like may be tucked away to be drawn upon when the time arrives for making just such little gifts as these, you will doubtless find in it much that is available. It is wise, also, to provide some extra ribbons, sachet, and odd notions, as these will often save the day when you wish to make some little fancy requisite for milady, and have not the time to shop. When you have the opportunity, take advantage of a sale of ribbon remnants. Choose such colors as to keep your little stock sufficiently varied to enable you to fill such needs appropriately. It will also be helpful if you make clippings, as you notice them, of designs for such things as appeal to your taste, so that your list may embrace as many attractive articles as possible. Something that must not be forgotten is sewing-silk. Keep in your box a half-dozen different shades.

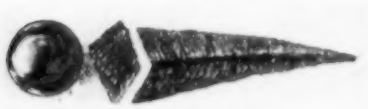
Bettering the Buttonholes

By HELEN THOMAS



BUTTONHOLES are generally considered strictly utilitarian, and little thought has heretofore been given to their value as part of the trimming scheme for a dress or coat. That they may be very ornamental may be seen by a glance at some of the illustrations on the fashion pages in this number of the magazine.

A bolero jacket, with embroidered arrow-heads in green and yellow, simulating large buttons and buttonholes, is very smart. Applied to the front closing of a short coat, the same finish may be used effectively, as also for the front of a little girl's dress, on which it relieves any tendency to plainness.



ARROW-HEAD POINTERS FOR BUTTONHOLES
Transfer Design No. 570

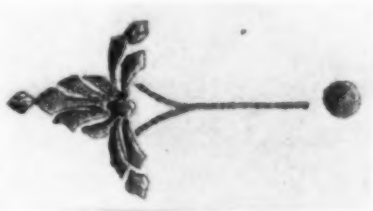
EMBROIDERED BUTTONHOLE FOR SHIRTWAIST FRONT
Transfer Design No. 570

A TRANSFER PATTERN OF ANY DESIGN ON THIS PAGE, TEN CENTS

Such applications convince us that the neglected buttonhole may become a thing of beauty. All those appearing in the fashion pages may be developed from one of the motifs in Transfer Design No. 570. Other attractive applications of this design are shown on this page, where, besides some striking arrow-heads, another conventional buttonhole motif is shown; also two very pretty wreath-like designs to be worked around the usual buttonhole in satin-stitch and eyelets. These last offer quite novel suggestions for the fronts of silk or linen waists, and even the woman who is not entirely skilful with her needle can accomplish very good results in decorating her summer dresses with these fancy buttonholes.

The long, separate dots are worked over and over in smooth, closely-laid stitches of embroidery silk or mercerized cotton, according to the material to which the design is applied. Each dot should first be thinly padded with a few running stitches with slightly heavier thread, laid in the opposite direction to that in which the satin-stitch is to be worked. Finish the little tendrils near the top with outline stitch. In some of the motifs included in this design smaller dots are given; these should be developed as eyelets on thin material, to give an open, lace-like appearance to the embroidery. For round eyelets, punch them with a stiletto, which should be included in every embroidery outfit, and outline them with a running or darning stitch, then cover edge, and outline with close, over-and-over stitches, which must be set very close together without overlapping.

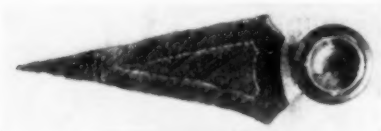
A SET OF EMBROIDERED LINGERIE
Transfer Designs for Nightgown, No. 572, shown on Nightgown No. 3999; for Corset Cover, No. 573, on Corset Cover No. 4200; for Drawers and Ruffle, No. 574, on Drawers No. 4440.



FOR A FLORAL BUTTONHOLE
Transfer Design No. 570

CROSS-STITCH STORKS ON A TOWEL END
Transfer Design No. 569

The arrow-head motifs are in two styles, one a little wider than the other. The narrower one should be as illustrated, in satin-stitch, as a leaf is worked, the closely-set stitches sloping a little downward toward the midrib, or center. The wider arrow-head has a triangular center which is worked in satin-stitch quite apart from the outer portion or rim surrounding it, leaving a fine line of demarcation between the two. The circles at the heads of the arrows may be worked as solid dots in satin-stitch, or a real button may be sewed in the space, as in the detail sketches shown. The same use may be made of the conventionalized flower buttonhole decoration. It may be worked as an ornamental prolongation of the real buttonhole, or both design and dot may be done in satin-stitch as an ornamental feature of waist or jacket front. In furthering any chosen decorative color scheme for the fashionable dress, these motifs are of great value. It must be remembered that upon the taste with which their combination of tints are chosen much of their success will depend; but in giving value to some shade merely hinted in the dress fabric, they find a distinct use in the hands of the artistic designer.



BUTTONHOLES WITH DECORATIVE VALUE
Transfer Design No. 570

In addition to these popular buttonhole decorations, other timely designs will make a strong appeal to the woman who has a fancy for the purely feminine art of embroidery. Charming in their unpretentious simplicity are the bowknot and eyelet designs used as decoration for a nightgown No. 572; corset cover, No. 573; or drawers and ruffles, No. 574. These may be made of batiste or fine linen; the nightgown is cut by McCall Pattern No. 3999, the corset cover by No. 4200, and the drawers by No. 4440. The designs are developed almost wholly in eyelets; the bowknots may be embroidered in satin-stitch or filled with seeding. Oval eyelets appear at the neck of nightgown and corset cover

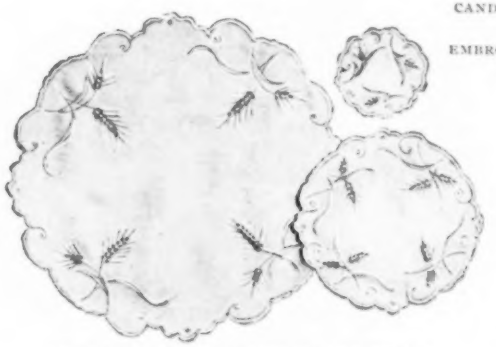
(Continued on page 67)

Simple Lessons in Embroidery—No. 2

By GENEVIEVE STERLING

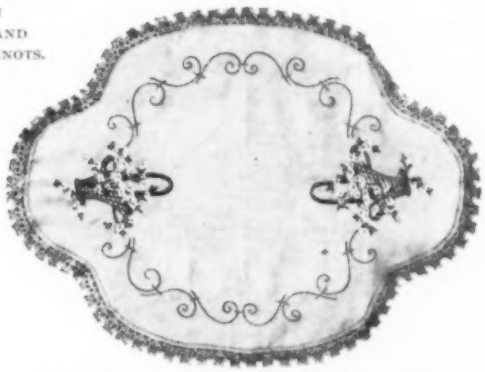
LAST month we—editors and readers alike—decided to form a club for the study of needlework, in which we were all to pretend we did not know a single stitch, and were going to learn how. We began our first lesson with outlining and French knots, and had some lovely designs in which those simple stitches were used. This month we have a lesson on eyelet work, another form of embroidery simple enough for the beginner, and used in handsome and effective pieces.

A LINEN CANDLESHADE SIMPLY EMBROIDERED. DESIGN IN OUTLINE AND FRENCH KNOTS. NO. 10358



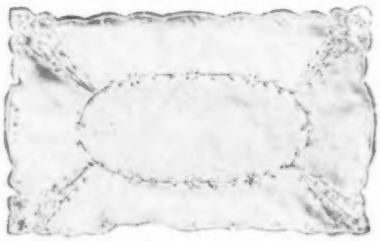
LUNCHEON SET IN STEM-STITCH AND EYELET. NOS. 10364, 10365, 10366

A PERFORATED PATTERN FOR ANY DESIGN ILLUSTRATED ON THIS PAGE, WITH STAMPING POWDER AND FULL DIRECTIONS, WILL BE FURNISHED, POSTPAID, FOR FIFTEEN CENTS



CENTERPIECE WITH BASKET DESIGN IN FRENCH KNOTS AND OUTLINING, NO. 10359

Eyelets are of two kinds—oval and round—and for each the first step is the same. Take thread and needle and make tiny little running stitches around the stamped line, so small that they do not break the line. Then run around the ring a second time, making stitches in the spaces skipped in the first running. This gives a continuous ring of tiny stitches, and if you have been careful in doing the work this little ring will not be jagged or out of shape, but presents an extremely neat appearance.



DAINTY BABY PILLOW, NO. 10363

Small round eyelets, after they are run, are pierced with a stiletto, which every eyelet-worker must have. Punch the center of the eyelet, make whipping stitches all around, working over ragged edge and circle of running stitches. Make stitches very close together, but not overlapping, so that the eyelet has a smooth, cord-like edge.

SIDEBOARD OR DRESSER SCARF WITH FILET CROCHET INSERTS, NO. 10362

Oval and large round eyelets are worked in the same way, but are not punched. Instead, slash the center each way, turn the four corners back behind the ring of running stitches, and whip over running stitches and turned edges. This gives the additional firmness which the larger eyelet needs to keep it from tearing easily, and to hold its shape.

We also have for this lesson the study of the stem-stitch. Outlining and stem-stitch are totally different. Stem-stitch should first be outlined with tiny stitches, then the outline stitches alone covered with whipping, not through the material beneath. To give perfect smoothness, be careful not to overlap the whipping stitches, and put them in evenly.

Now that we have learned two new stitches, the field of our work widens. We may make, for instance, the wheat luncheon set illustrated. (Nos. 10364, 10365, 10366.) Leaves and stems are in stem-stitch, and the edge is buttonholed.

(This centerpiece, No. 10364, stamped on white linen, 18x18, 25 cents; white cotton for working, 15 cents extra. Plate doily No. 10365, stamped on linen, 12x12, 15 cents; cotton for working, 15 cents extra; half dozen doilies free for three 50-cent subscriptions. Tumbler doily No. 10366, stamped on linen 6x6, in sets of six, 25 cents per set; embroidery cotton, 25 cents extra. Centerpiece and six each of tumbler and plate doilies, free for five 50-cent subscriptions.)

Another piece which the beginner can make after she has mastered this lesson is a baby pillow (No. 10363). The sprays at the corners are placed just where none of their decorative value is lost. The leaves and daisies are done in eyelet, and the stems in stem-stitch. If the beginner wishes, she may omit the scalloped edge, and finish the pillow with a frill of lace.

(Baby pillow No. 10363, stamped on pure white linen 12x18 inches, with enough material for the back, 35 cents; supplied with embroidery cotton, 50 cents, or free for two 50-cent subscriptions.)

Among needlewomen, nothing is more popular at present than baskets filled with forget-me-nots. On an oval centerpiece (No. 10359) and a candleshade (No. 10358), they are used in an effective way. Some of the little forget-me-nots are pink, some blue; a French knot forms

SECTION OF NOVELTY HATBAND, NO. 10361

(Concluded on page 69)

The more critical they are, the better—

The more they will appreciate the finer touches of quality and flavor which go to complete a perfect soup.

There is no guest too important; no occasion too formal for

Campbell's Consommé

It is piquant in flavor, yet exquisitely delicate. Made from choice cuts of fresh beef, it is first clarified with white of egg in the usual manner, then forced under high pressure through a specially-constructed filter two inches thick, which renders it clear as amber.

A slight flavoring of selected vegetables and spices imparts a definite and pleasing "bouquet" to this delightful Campbell "kind". You will find it an added distinction to the most elaborate menu.

Judge it for yourself—*today.*

21 kinds
10c a can

Asparagus, Beef, Bouillon, Celery, Chicken, Chicken-Gumbo (Okra), Clam Bouillon, Clam Chowder, Consommé, Julienne, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Mutton Broth, Ox Tail, Pea, Pepper Pot, Printanier, Tomato, Tomato-Okra, Vegetable, Vermicelli-Tomato

Look for the red-and-white label

Campbell's SOUPS

TWELFTH-NIGHT REVELS

By ELEANOR OTIS

TWELVE days after Christmas the Magi, or Wise Men, are supposed to have reached the manger at Bethlehem, and so in ye olde England the Christmas festivities always closed with a grand ball and masque on the sixth of January, the King and Queen of Twelfth Night holding merry sway over their subjects for one brief, jolly evening. A masquerade party is always glorious fun, and Twelfth Night is the time most suitable for such an entertainment; so send out your invitations, and bid your friends assemble.

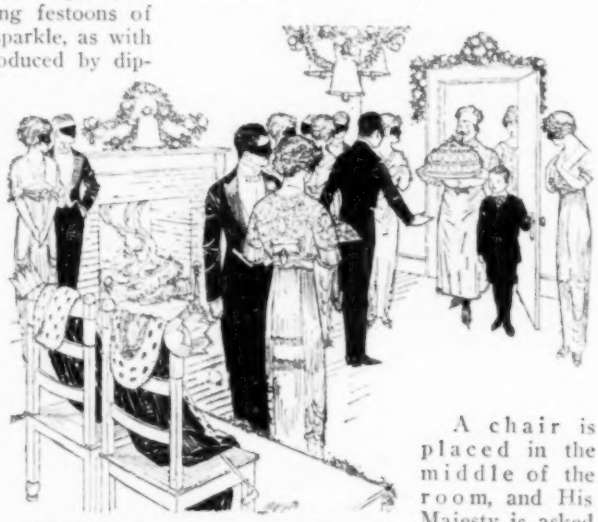
An appropriate invitation can be made by cutting black cardboard into the shape of a mask, with holes for the eyes, mouth, and nose, this verse being written in white ink across the mask:

On this last night of revelry,
Join with us in festivity,
As lord or lady, monk, or gnome,
In mask and costume, prithee come.
The King and Queen of Twelfth Night call,
And urge your presence, one and all.

A Twelfth-Night revel requires plenty of room, and if there is a long garret, or a big cellar with a wide open fireplace, so much the better. The long festoons of green adorning the walls sparkle, as with snow; the effect being produced by dipping the garlands in a strong solution of alum. Red paper New-Year bells are hung about the room, and snowballs made of cotton dipped in diamond dust are tied among the greenery. At one end of the room two high-backed chairs have been placed on a platform, and there are displayed the royal robes (red flannel lined with white cotton to represent ermine), with two gilt crowns, and two scepters made of pokers wrapped in silver foil. A red shawl thrown over the chairs gives them a resplendent appearance, and garlands of green hang about them.

In the hall are heaped a pile of small bags, made of bright-colored cheese-cloth, and filled with gilded nuts and bonbons wrapped in silver foil. Each guest is given a bag as he enters, with rigid instructions not to lose or eat his nuts, for he will need them later When all the masqueraders have assembled, the kitchen door flies open and a small boy steps out, followed by a cook—in this case, the hostess' brother—in cap and apron. The cook bears aloft an immense cake, with turrets of icing built high upon it. The Twelfth-Night cake is plain pound-cake with raisins and caraway seeds sprinkled liberally through it, but it is an important feature of the revels. The small boy blows his horn three times, then announces that there will be a grand march, led by the cook, and that the cake will soon be cut, for it contains a pea and a bean, to decide who will be king and queen.

WITH a flourish of his trumpet the march begins, and every one joins in with much laughter. The really exciting moment comes, however, when the cake is cut, and each maid and man receives a slice. The lucky finder of the bean is king for the night, and the pea determines who will be queen. If, perchance, a man finds the pea in his cake, he gives it to the lady of his choice, and in like manner the lady disposes of the bean. When the King and Queen are thus selected, they are escorted to the thrones at the end of the room, and assisted into their royal robes. The Queen takes her place upon the throne, but the hostess declares that there must be a coronation celebration for the King.



THE COOK BEARS IN THE CAKE WITH ITS TURRETS OF ICING

A chair is placed in the middle of the room, and His Majesty is asked to sit in it. Each guest is then blindfolded in turn, given the gilt paper crown, and led around the King's chair in a circle about four feet from the chair. He is then stopped directly behind the chair, but facing in another direction, and told that he is given ten steps in which to find and crown the King. All those who successfully crown the King are entitled to draw for a pretty box of home-made candies, tied with red and green.

The hostess now explains that since the King is duly crowned, all honor must

(Concluded on page 57)

TWELFTH-NIGHT REVELS

(Continued from page 56)

be shown him and the Queen, and that any one who is found with his back turned to them must forfeit a gold nut for the King, a silver bonbon to the Queen. There will be a reward at the end of the evening for the courtier who has managed to keep the greatest number of his nuts. This, of course, creates wild confusion, for Their Majesties descend from the dais and mingle freely with the crowd, and everywhere they go every one must face them or pay a forfeit. The King and Queen must keep together, and two trusty bodyguards are appointed by the King to collect the revenue of nuts, and who keep close watch for the transgressors.

PLAYING DAYS OF THE CALENDAR IS GREAT FUN

While the King and Queen mingle with the company, a pantomime called Days of the Calendar takes place. Small cards are brought out, each bearing the name of a certain day, and one is pinned to each guest's back, he not knowing what day he represents. Each tries by appropriate pantomime to show another guest what day he is, without actually telling them. George Washington's birthday, for instance, is portrayed by cutting down an imaginary cherry tree; the Fourth of July is shown by the explosion of imaginary fireworks. As soon as a player guesses his day, he removes his mask, and when all the masks are off it is time for another frolic, which soon follows.

BEFOREHAND, the King and Queen are asked to return to their throne, and the game of King's Highway is then in order. For this a winding course is laid out with a ball of red twine, and along this highway are placed all manner of obstructions; a pan of water, chairs at odd angles, stools, boxes, vases of flowers, and so on. Each guest in turn is now given a large shoe-box, prettily wrapped in tissue-paper, and, balancing it on a tablespoon, tries to walk down the King's Highway with this gift for the King. There is great fun among the other guests as the unfortunate pilgrim stumbles over chairs, jumps the pan of water, and climbs over the piles of books with his present still balanced aloft on the spoon. If he drops it, he must hand it over to the next volunteer, but if he reaches the throne with it, His Majesty graciously presents him with a pretty favor from a huge basket that stands beside the throne. Another guest now takes the gift, and attempts the journey. The favors are calendars for the men, and crêpe-paper roses filled with candy for the girls.

A SMALL boy now comes forward carrying a branch to which the hostess has tied innumerable leaves, in many colors of cardboard. It is the first month of the new year, the hostess explains, and, of course, every one present has turned over a new leaf. That being the case, they must write their New Year resolutions in rhyme upon the leaves. Pencils are passed, and for a few minutes there is desperate silence, as the guests puzzle their wits for suitable poetic resolves. At the end of ten minutes, time is up, and each person writes his name on his leaf and hands it to the hostess. The resolves are read by His Majesty the King—the names of the authors being kept a secret—and he who has written the most comical one receives a tiny book of poems, and is declared Poet Laureate to His Majesty.

The girls' leaves are now collected in a hat, and the hat passed around among the boys. Each boy puts in his hand and draws out a leaf, and the girl whose name it bears becomes his partner for supper. Just before they march in to supper, the little bags of nuts and candies are emptied, and he who has forfeited the least is given a soft leather engagement-book.

WRITING RESOLUTIONS ON THE NEW LEAF

To be true to the custom of our ancestors, the Twelfth-Night supper must be served in the big kitchen, on boards placed over trestles. The floor is sanded and strewn with rushes, and at each end of the table stand huge bowls of sweet cider. Wooden platters and heavy china mugs are used, and the menu consists of roasted oysters, hot from the fire, individual mutton pies, rye bread, Stilton cheese, roasted apples, and Twelfth-Night cake—a royal feast to close the revels.

Editor's Note.—All of us like to strike an original note in our entertaining. Miss Otis, our Entertainment Editor, is bubbling over with ideas for every kind of a party, luncheon, dinner, or other form of entertainment you could possibly want. She will be glad to offer suggestions by mail if a stamped, self-addressed envelope accompanies your inquiry.

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Injurious preservatives are not permitted by the pure food laws; but the law does not prohibit millers from leaving out of some kinds of flour certain parts of the wheat berry which contain vital mineral salts—grown in the grains by Nature—and necessary for the normal balance of body, brain and nerves.

This lack in daily food is responsible for many common ailments.

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made of whole wheat and malted barley meets every requirement. It has delicious taste and retains in perfect balance all the nutrition of the grains, including the mineral salts—thus admirably supplying what many foods lack.

For robust health try **Grape-Nuts.**

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THE BAPTISM OF ROBIN HOOD

By MYRA G. REED

WHEN Jinks and Betty woke up Saturday morning the sun was shining on a snow-covered world. It was just the kind of a day for their expedition to Jinks' Aunt Martha's, who lived a couple of miles down the road. They could hardly wait to finish their breakfasts in their hurry to be out.

Jinks drew their soap-box sled out of the wood-shed and Betty brought over the old comforter that always made the box warm and cozy. Toddling along at her heels came the puppy grandfather had given them at Christmas-time. His official name was Robin Hood, but he hadn't been properly christened yet. Betty had teased to have him go with them on their expedition, but Mother had said no; he would be a nuisance to Aunt Martha, and must stay at home. Only Mike could go. But Robin Hood evidently meant to see them go, at least.

WITH MIKE FOLLOWING, THEY STARTED DOWN THE COLD COUNTRY ROAD

They were about to start when Jinks remembered the barrel of apples in the cellar, and he and Betty ran back to pick out half a dozen nice, rosy ones. When they came back Robin Hood was nowhere to be seen, but they supposed he had gone back to the warm house, and they did not, of course, pay any attention to the knowing look in Mike's eyes.

THEY had gone about a mile when Mike began to pull at the comforter until it dragged along the road.

"Mike Patterson, you stop that!" called Betty, and then she stopped short. "Jinks, look here!"

Jinks looked, and there in the box lay the puppy, blinking his eyes.

"Jinks, Mother will be angry. How do you suppose he got in there?" Jinks shook his head, but Mike reached in the box and carefully drew Robin Hood out by the skin of his neck.

"There, see him!" cried Jinks excitedly. "Mike put that puppy in there himself."

Mike had the puppy out on the ground by this time and was racing madly around him while the puppy made frantic efforts to catch him.

"Jinks, hadn't we better take him right home?"

Jinks thought a moment. "No; now that he's here I don't believe your mother would want us to bring him way back again. She'll know it wasn't our fault."

"It's Mike that will have to be spanked this time," said Betty, clapping her hands.

Jinks threw a handful of soft snow at the puppy, picked up the rope again, and they started off, with the puppy trailing along with Mike.

"Betty," Jinks said suddenly in a stage whisper, "do you know the puppy has never been christened or baptized?"

"And we could do it to-day, couldn't we?" Betty immediately chimed in, delighted at the prospect of being a part of such a novel scheme.

Jinks had a most important air. "You remember when Father was telling us about the people who were baptized in the river in the winter? They had to break the ice to put them in!"

BETTY was somewhat awed by the magnitude of this scheme. "We're right by the river, aren't we?" she asked.

Jinks picked the puppy up in his arms. "Come on, Betty, let's do it now."

The puppy, or Robin Hood, as he was soon to be, was quite willing to be picked up, because his feet were cold. But, poor puppy, he had no idea of what was in store for him.

Mike, much interested, trotted along beside, and Betty, somewhat fearful, dragged the sled.

"Jinks," she called, "I'm afraid it will make the puppy sick."

"Why, of course, it won't, Betty. Weren't all those people put into the water when there was ice on it? And none of them was sick."

When they got to the edge of the river, Jinks halted.

"You take the puppy, Betty, while I find something to break the ice with."

Betty cuddled the fat puppy up in her arms and kissed him, while Jinks, with great difficulty, broke a hole in the ice.

(Concluded on page 59)

THE BAPTISM OF ROBIN HOOD

(Continued from page 58)

"I'm awfully sorry, Robin Hood, but you really ought to be baptized, you know."

Jinks took the puppy by the neck and lowered him into the ice-cold water.

"Puppy, your name is now Robin Hood," he said solemnly.

Robin Hood howled as Jinks lowered him again, and Mike growled in sympathy.

"Oh, Jinks, don't do it again. He's so cold," cried Betty.

"No"—Jinks shook his head—"he won't be properly christened unless he's put in three times."

But in her anxiety for the puppy, Betty jiggled Jinks' arm, and poor Robin Hood fell into the water with a splash and disappeared from view under the ice. Jinks felt frantically around in the water for the fat little body, but his fingers touched only the icy water. Mike yelped and jumped up and down, excitedly, and the tears gathered in Betty's eyes.

JINKS stood up. "Oh, Betty, isn't it dreadful? We must get him."

"Poor Robin Hood," Betty cried.

Jinks took her hand. "Come on! Let's run back to the road. Perhaps we'll find a man to come back and chop the ice."

Breathless, they raced across the field and up the road. But there was no one in sight, and although Jinks explored every little bypath and branching road, the whole world seemed deserted.

Betty cried all the way, and Jinks had to swallow hard at every step, until at last Betty's home loomed up before them. They raced into the house, and back to the kitchen to Mrs. Ramsey.

ROBIN HOOD HOWLED AS JINKS STARTED TO LOWER HIM AGAIN

"Mother, Mother," Betty cried. "We baptized Robin Hood, and he dropped into the water, and now he's drowning. You must come and get him out."

Betty burst into sobs and even Jinks couldn't keep the tears back.

Mrs. Ramsey hurried away for her coat. "Poor Robin Hood! It's too late, but I'll go anyway." She followed the children up the road, while, between sobs, they told her all about the baptism.

They had gone back about half the distance when they saw two little specks far off down the road. As they drew closer Jinks was sure one of the objects was Mike. They went another sixty yards and then Jinks shouted:

IT'S ROBIN HOOD!—It's Robin Hood! I know it is. Mike has rescued him!"

They raced ahead, and, sure enough, there were Mike and Robin Hood trotting sedately along, side by side. Mike's shoulders and head were all wet, and Robin Hood was covered with little icicles. He looked very, very cross. He refused to pay any attention to Jinks and Betty, and ran straight to Mrs. Ramsey. She picked him up and wrapped him in her coat.

THERE WERE MIKE AND ROBIN HOOD TROTTING SEDATELY ALONG, SIDE BY SIDE

"You have been very cruel to the doggie, Jinks and Betty, and I don't blame him at all for being cross with you. Let's hurry home now and give him a hot bath and some hot milk, and wrap him up in blankets. Perhaps then he won't be sick."

Jinks and Betty walked home very soberly, and when Robin Hood had been made comfortable and had finally gone to sleep, Betty took her mother's hand.

"Mother, we ought to be punished for being so naughty to Robin Hood!"

Mrs. Ramsey put an arm around each child. "After this, you must consider how you would like to be treated before you do anything to Mike or Robin Hood. I think you've been punished enough already. There is just one thing you must do and that is make Robin Hood like you again. He's very cross with you now. For the next three days you must think first of Robin Hood in everything. You must see that he gets his hot milk every hour, and that he does not get uncovered, and that the room is kept hot enough for him. Whenever he needs anything, no matter what you are doing, you'll have to give it up for him."

Jinks and Betty looked at each other and both heaved a big sigh. That was easy! They were only too glad to have the chance to be nice to Robin Hood.

Editor's Note to Our Boys and Girls.—If you want to be sure as sure can be that Robin Hood was soon well and happy again, turn to page 25, and see him lapping up his hot milk. Cut him out just as the Cut-Out Man tells you, and his tail and tongue and eyes will all move joyously.

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And now, to meet inquiry for a liquid soap of equal merit, we introduce

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This new member of an old family is a vegetable oil product; pure, pleasantly perfumed, and of fine quality. For shampooing and general toilet uses, it is delightful, thoroughly effective, and—well, try it!

50c per bottle at your druggist's, or send us 60c (which includes mailing) and we will see that you receive a bottle promptly.

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A naval officer I know canceled a lot of engagements last week in order to devote the time to his dentist.

"I am going on a long cruise," he said, "and I know the value of good teeth. Good teeth mean good health afloat or ashore and a man can't do his work well unless he has good teeth."

In the army and the navy, and in all great industrial spheres the value of good teeth is being recognized. Statistics prove that sound, clean teeth, preserve health and promote business efficiency.

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HELPS FOR AMATEUR SINGERS

Lesson XII. By BEULAH L. HOUSTON

THERE are few of us who have not at some period of our lives viewed with delight the mental picture of ourselves as grand opera stars or other stage favorites. The younger we are the more firmly are we convinced that celebrities we know about would be entirely eclipsed in their favorite rôles if our genius had but the opportunity to express itself. Natural diffidence, home duties, or lack of knowledge as to what initial steps to take, doubtless interfere, and six-tenths of us fall into other grooves. In some instances this may mean the loss of real talent to the world, but more often it does not. And even of the remaining four-tenths, only about one-tenth of the aspirants succeed in getting a foothold.

A great deal has been written both for and against stage life. Every one knows that charming and cultured people have succeeded on operatic, dramatic, and concert platforms, but such are not in the majority; most of these are born of stage families, and acquire their stage experience and education under their protection. Of the untrained, half-developed girls with good voices or dramatic talent who come from small country towns to the cities to enter professional life, the percentage of those who fall into the hands of the unscrupulous is so large that the matter has been the subject of special investigation. Most of them fail to get on the stage, and those who, by reason of good luck or a pretty face, do obtain a position, are obliged to start as extras, or in the chorus, where the influences are such that few girls escape detriment. Those who do are obliged to go through what no parent would wish a daughter to experience. The work is most difficult and exhausting, and so exacting in its demands upon time and strength that there is no chance for anything else if you really wish to succeed. Unless you have great dramatic talent and a good voice, it would be wiser to consider and plan something else for your life-work.

POSSESSING both of these qualities, the first thing to be considered is health. Without excellent health and strong nerves, one is foredoomed to failure. A person subject to colds, tonsilitis, or sore throat cannot achieve success either in opera or concert, and all thought of a public career should be put aside.

There seems to be current a notion that intellectual equipment need not be complete for taking up music as a profession; that a lack of education will not interfere with the success of musical aspirants. In this field, as in all others, the one without a good education is handicapped. There is, perhaps, no profession where a broad, general education and culture is more helpful than in music, and any young person expecting to make a successful musician in these days will do well to obtain as good an education as she possibly can, before she devotes herself exclusively to her musical training.

TOO many musicians take up their work with inadequate preparation. If the voice is beautiful, it is pushed forward and made to do work which should be taken up only after years of preliminary training. This accounts for the large number of singers who do inartistic work. Such strain upon the voice also usually causes early retirement from the field. Whatever may be said about the modern quick method of training the voice, the fact remains that it is unwise to shorten the time of preparation. Every singer needs training which allows the voice to grow normally, and through a thorough understanding and use of the proper technique the voice will remain clear.

GAINING THE MANAGER'S EAR IS A DIFFICULT ORDEAL

Having decided to pursue a public career, you may be desirous of going to some musical center for study, and your parents may go to great expense to send you, thinking opportunities will be greater in a large city; but the powers that be in these musical centers never hear the ambitious student until all the preliminary work is over, and the singer is ready to compete with the best.

An obscure teacher in a small town may do better preliminary work than a city teacher of wide reputation and high tuition fee. There is the advantage, of

(Concluded on page 61)

HELPS FOR AMATEUR SINGERS

(Continued from page 60)

course, of hearing better musical artists in the larger cities; but even that will not be of much consequence unless the student is sufficiently well informed to recognize in what the beauties of the artists' work consist, and wherein they excel. If the home teacher is good, remain there as long as you continue to advance under him. Do not go elsewhere until the point is reached where you seem to be at a standstill, and get discouraged.

In selecting a teacher, never be guided merely by his reputation, charges, what he says of himself, or even his own singing; but only by the work of his pupils. Especially should the would-be public singer be careful. You should hear many of his pupils and note whether their voices have a ringing, resonant tone, free from tremolo, whether they sing easily, with a free throat, enunciate distinctly so that you understand every word, are free from mannerisms, and intelligently interpret so that you get the story or sentiment of the song. If they do all this, then the teacher is a good one. On such points as the majority of his pupils are weak, a teacher's work is usually at fault in some way.

FIND and remain with a good teacher several years, in justice both to yourself and the teacher. When a difference of opinion arises between you, bear in mind that it is expert opinion against inexperience, and do not place your instructor at a disadvantage by disagreeing with him or his method, and neglecting his instructions. Many teachers will start a pupil working on operatic arias after a year or so of simple technical exercises and ballads. The reason for doing so is generally because the pupil desires it, and such a teacher is more interested in holding his pupil than in conscientiously following the best method. If you lose confidence in a teacher's ability, then do not study with him.

Since we consider the voice as a gift to be used as a source of pleasure to ourselves and others, why should singers not consider in what way they can give with their accomplishments the greatest pleasure to the world? Few are fitted for opera. Even if they have good voices, many other things must be weighed. An equally desirable field, that of recital, is too often ignored by those who would make a signal success therein, but who, for temperamental and other reasons, are flat failures in opera. It requires, perhaps, even more finished art to do admirable recital work, and it is a fact that many noted opera singers are not able to do artistic ballad singing.

Do not be deceived by the plaudits of your home people into thinking your voice and talent unusually great. When you arrive in a musical center to study, you will probably find that there are many students who surpass you in every way. However, the lack of an exceptional voice need not prevent your becoming a real artist, whose work may compare well with the best in quality, if not in degree.

Musical centers are overcrowded with disappointed artists who cannot succeed because there is no place for them, whiile in the smaller cities and towns are neglected fields full of possibilities. You may reach the hearts of the people with singing, and bring happiness into hundreds of homes by teaching your art to home girls and boys who have ambition to sing just for the enjoyment of their friends and families. Who shall say that is not as great a work as to sing Thais or Carmen acceptably to the critics—who forget you when a new star arises? It all depends on whether you are working to gratify personal vanity, or have the commendable desire to make your life-work helpful to others.

Should your ideas as to public work and stage life be idealistic, it would be better to gain knowledge of actual conditions rather than suffer disillusionment after years of preparation. Read the biographies of noted singers, and, before completing arrangements in a musical center for training for the stage, make every effort to see and learn something of its demands and requirements. Visit, with some friend, several managers' offices, and get a few peeps behind the scenes, just for an insight into the workings thereof, that you may witness the difficulty with which an interview is obtained, and the often unpleasant environments of the stage.

Editor's Note.—This article ends a series of twelve helpful lessons for the amateur singer by Miss Houston, who has been glad, during their course, to give further advice and suggestions by mail to any of our readers who needed them. Is there any other aspect of the subject you, personally, would like Miss Houston to treat?

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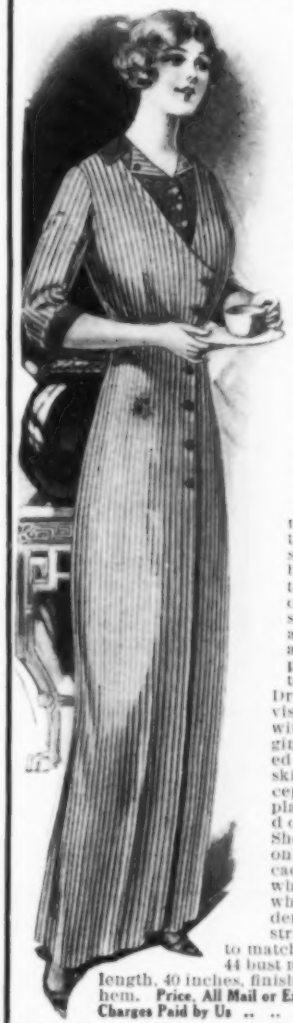

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SOME BEAUTY RESOLUTIONS

By ANNETTE BEACON

JANUARY is a blustery, blizzardy sort of month, and even the most amiably disposed complexion is difficult to keep soft, smooth, and attractive, with the wintry winds doing their best to chap and roughen cheeks and nose. And as for hands! Well, we all know with what dismaying celerity white hands change to red when the mercury hovers around zero, and ice, snow, and sleet, however unwelcome, are our almost daily visitors.

Forewarned is forearmed, however, as our grandmothers' copybooks have informed us, so let us see what preventive steps we may take to keep January from working any evil spells upon us.

LET THE LAST DASH BE WITH COLD WATER

The first thing we need to remember is that unequal circulation is our worst foe. If the body is kept at an even temperature, with the blood coursing freely through our veins, the skin is much less susceptible to atmospheric changes or conditions, and will retain its smoothness even under adverse conditions.

OF COURSE, correct clothing is one secret of a proper body temperature, and this means not many or heavy clothes, but warm ones. Wear rather light-weight clothes in a steam-heated apartment, but add extra clothing when you go outdoors—tights, spats, a big warm muff, and fur neckpiece. Keep hands and feet perfectly warm, and the rest of the body may be trusted to take care of itself.

DUST THE HANDS LIGHTLY WITH POWDER FOR THE FINISHING TOUCH

Since, of necessity, one gets less outdoor exercise in winter than in summer, we should try to fill the gap by some form of indoor exercise, so that the blood may not grow sluggish, and leave us prone to colds, chilblains, and blue noses. Perhaps the form of exercise which gives the best results is stationary running. Certainly it can be recommended as a morning "bracer" which will help to keep one warm through the coldest winter day.

Will you try it? Very well! Unearth your last summer's bathing suit and slippers, and, beginning to-morrow, practise running for ten minutes without stepping off one particular spot on your bedroom floor. Throw the windows wide open before beginning, so that every breath will mean the freshest, purest air; then, selecting your position, run like a racehorse, but without moving forward. You can begin slowly, and speed up as breath and strength permit; or, until you get used to the exercise, you may run at a moderate rate of speed. But do this every morning, the first thing after your bath, and you will be rewarded with glowing cheeks, bright eyes, and a feeling of physical well-being which will endure through the day.

Speaking of baths, this is another agent you will have to take under consideration. If you have been in the habit of taking a hot morning bath, I must urge you to discontinue it. If the skin has been expanded and softened through heat, and is then exposed to the cold, it will contract and crack, or roughen. Your safety lies in keeping it firm and cool when it is to withstand outdoor air. The hot bath for night is just the thing, because it sends you to bed all warm and cosy; but in the morning, when you rise, you should bathe in tepid water, and end by dashing cool, then cold water, over face, neck, shoulders, and arms. The blood will respond quickly and come tingling to the surface, while the pores of the skin will contract, so that when you sally forth into the cold air you will suffer no ill effects.

OF COURSE, you must use some means of protection, as well. Perhaps your best friend is a jar of orange-flower skin food, which you can make yourself. Dip the fingers in the jar just before going out, and massage gently into the facial skin. Wipe off any surplus with a bit of absorbent cotton, and dust the skin with a pure face powder. Always remember to powder throat, back of neck, and ears, as well as face, so there will be no line to mark where the powder-puff ceased its ministrations.

For the hands, your chief concern should be to dry thoroughly, using a soft towel; then rub into them Honey and Almond Cream, made by this formula:

HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

Cold cream	5 parts
Oil of sweet almonds	5 "
Glycerin	5 "
Boric acid	5 "
Solution of soda	2 "
Mucilage of quince seeds (2 drams to a pint)	25 "

Oil of bitter almonds and oil of rose enough to perfume.

(*Concluded on page 72*)

THE NEW FEATHER FANCIES

(Continued from page 28)

rule, just as you would on paper; if you want to follow the lines of a pattern, be careful to hold the pattern in place and chalk around it. Tailors' chalk is used. To cut the fur, lay the piece on the table, with the skin side toward you; then use a very sharp knife, and cut slowly, following the lines you have drawn. Be careful not to cut the hair or fur, but only the skin. You will be sure to do this if you hold the knife in one hand and let the other raise the skin a little from the table just where the knife is cutting.

FIG. 8—TIE THE FLUES OF YOUR OSTRICH FEATHER TO THE QUILL

Usually, before a pattern is chalked out, and after the pieces have been matched, the fur is stretched and nailed to a board. To do this, wet the skin side thoroughly, letting the water soak through well; then, with fine wire nails, nail one edge of the piece, fur side against the board. The nails ought to be very near the edge of the skin and about one-half inch apart. After you have nailed the one side carefully stretch the skin with your fingers and nail the opposite side. If the skin is tender it may tear in the stretching; if it does, nail the edges of the hole close together and proceed. Then, when the skin is dry, you can sew the edges of the tear together. Once the nailing is done, put the board aside until the skin dries thoroughly. Before taking the skin from the board, chalk out the pattern or lines where you want to cut.

FIG. 9—A FEATHER FANCY THAT CAN BE MADE AT HOME

The edges of all fur pieces and trimmings are taped. For this, cotton tape, one-half inch wide, is used. Hold it on the fur side, even with the edge of the skin, and overhand it to the skin; then turn the tape over onto the skin side and catch-stitch it to the skin so that the edge is well covered with fur and no tape shows. After this is done, the fur-piece or the trimming is ready to sew to the hat-frame or to the garment. Sew through the tape and not through the fur. When you have the fur-piece completed and ready to wear, glaze it. Wet a soft hairbrush and brush the fur to make all the hairs lie flat and sleek in the same direction; let the fur dry in this way, then shake it well. The fur will then be glossy and will not look rough.

Now for the plan of the hat-frame! If the fur is long, you will have to make the frame much smaller than for mole, ermine, or sealskin. Fox, or other long furs, will make a turban look four inches larger, while mole will make only one-half inch difference. This season the medium- and short-length furs are used for hats. White fox and caracul, dyed to match the costume, are quite the latest note in fashionable attire, but skunk, ermine, mole, and other natural furs are more popular and are a safer investment, as they will live in fashion much longer.

FIG. 10—A SMART FUR "STICK-UP" OF NATURAL LYNX

A most chic fur cap (Fig. 1) can be made of a four-inch strip of moleskin. The fur is taped and sewed around the cap-frame. An ermine bow, which is very fashionable just now, and a feather fancy complete the trimming. An ermine bow also looks well on a muff (Fig. 1). Each bow is made from one skin. The muff might be made in mole color and lined with white satin. Draped chiffon velvet, two bands of mole, and chiffon ruffles are the necessary materials.

A large black hat trimmed with skunk banding, one inch wide, around the brim near the edge, and another around the crown, is a most becoming setting for almost any face (Fig. 2). This banding must be taped, too, else the white skin of the edge will show. The trimming can be completed with a large satin rose in old rose color, or in silver or gold.

The fur fantasies, or "stick-ups", which are at present so popular, can be made from any odd leftover piece of fur. One that I made of natural lynx (Fig. 10) was a ragged piece from the flank and could not be used for anything else. It was cut in a long triangular shape, the long edges were seamed, and a piece of stiff frame wire pushed up to the point to make it stand up. It is very chic for a street hat.

Editor's Note.—If you have hats to trim, retrim, or make over, if you are puzzling over the making of fetching bows, the proper placing of wings, feathers, or other trimmings, Mrs. Tobey will tell you how. This department will contain, from time to time, clear instructions in every branch of home millinery; while letters submitting special problems will be gladly answered by Mrs. Tobey by mail if stamped envelope is enclosed.

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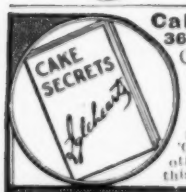

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SALT MEATS AND FISH

By ELIZABETH ARMSTEAD

DURING these cold, crisp days of midwinter, you may find it difficult to choose a satisfactory variety for your table. Fresh meat is not always available in small communities, and is often almost prohibitive in price. If you have killed your last fat hen or capon, and are saying to yourself, "What shall I have for to-morrow's dinner?" turn to the list of salt meats and fish. These appeal to the average cold-weather appetite, and furnish a solution for the question of supplying the desired change, at the same time doing so most economically.

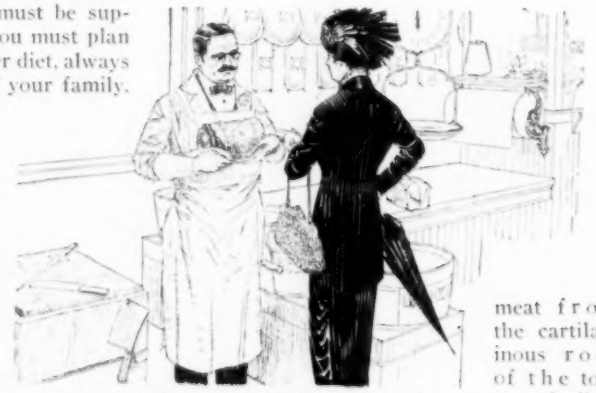
Dozens of appetizing dishes may be made from salt meats, and the easily stored canned or dried fish, especially if you have put up your own vegetables in the summer, and can frequently add to the usual winter carrots, turnips, cabbage, and onions a can of peas, corn, beans, young beets, okra, squash, or tomatoes. This will give well-balanced meals.

You should remember, however, that too much salt is irritating to the system, and manage to combine with such foods plenty of green vegetables and mild fats. This is not because there is anything wrong with salt pork or dried codfish, but because certain elements missing in these foods must be supplied in other ways, so you must plan wisely to provide a proper diet, always considering the health of your family.

HERE is a list of some things that you may buy in bulk, and store without fear of spoiling; also some receipts for using them. Most salt fish require soaking overnight to get out the preservative salt; some of them only need to be brought to a boil, and are all right when the water is changed for cooking.

Among the meats, there is no doubt pork is the most used, it being a staple article of diet in many districts. People who have always had it demand the flavor of salt pork in much of their cooking, where others prefer butter or vegetable oil. Beans and hashed brown potatoes seem to need the pork. Smoked bacon and ham are favorites; but not nearly as well known as they deserve to be are corned ham and spare-ribs. Just try them. Leg or shoulder of pork may be put into brine for several days exactly like beef, and when corned is much more delicate and digestible. Corning spare-ribs is a good method of disposing of meat otherwise too fat and tough for use. You must soak these parts for a few hours in cold water and then boil for four hours in fresh water. They are excellent served with spinach, beet or dandelion greens, and sweet potatoes. Pickled pigs' feet are appetizing and much liked by many. For sandwiches for evening collations, home-made deviled ham is delicious.

SMOKED beef provides the foundation for many breakfast and luncheon dishes. It ought to be shaved very, very thin by a machine-cutter, and is best in flavor when shaved as wanted, or sealed in glasses. Corned beef deserves its popularity; but you must not forget it should be used soon after it has been corned. Three or four days is sufficient to have a splendidly seasoned piece of meat that is firm and tender when sliced. Smoked ox-tongue is a great delicacy to most of us. It proves expensive when bought in the stores, as it must be paid for by weight, and a large portion of the back of the tongue is waste. In most delicatessen shops, tongue is sold for seventy cents a pound on account of this waste. For economy's sake, you can scrape every bit of meat from the cartilaginous root of the tongue, devil it and put in sealed jars for sandwiches. Lambs' tongues, generally packed in brine, may be purchased at a grocery or delicatessen store.



A CUT OF CORNED BEEF SHOULD BE CAREFULLY CHOSEN

There is greater variety in salt and cured fish than in meats. A fish packer's catalogue you will find really interesting. Herring, for instance, can be had in at least six forms: smoked (known as Yarmouth bloaters), kippered, salted, in olive oil, in bouillon, and in tomato sauce. Codfish comes salted and dried in large pieces, shredded for easier use, and canned for codfish steaks. The tongues and sounds of the codfish are salted and packed for the breakfast table. You may obtain salt, soused, or imported mackerel in wine. Of

(*Concluded on page 66*)

MAKING DREAMS COME TRUE

(Continued from page 52)

those pretty sacques for Polly's babies, make Polly's husband put a few pennies in the bank. By the time you have thoroughly planned the trip, the money will have come, and your dream-ship can begin to flutter its sails.

Another tired home-maker longs to be a business woman. You see your daughters go out with their brothers to work each morning, see them bring in their checks at the end of the week, and you think it would be heavenly to be a stenographer. When we probe your dream

THE WOODEN BOX ON THE MANTEL

together, we find that it is not any charm that office work offers, for you are far happier at household tasks, but it is simply a yearning for freedom.

That is your dream, and it can be, must be, realized. You need not go out of your home to accomplish it. No work is easy, for pounding typewriter keys is as hard and as wearing as mending Tommy's trousers; but you should have time to yourself, money to spend as you please, and leisure and comfort. Begin to-day to strive for these things. Count up your average weekly expenses, and ask your husband to give you a regular allowance for the business of housekeeping.

That will make it much easier to plan your expenditures, and possibly you can save up a little with care. Every day, after dinner or lunch, lay down your work, go to your room, and take an hour to yourself, for rest and reading. At first you may have to lock yourself in, for everyone is accustomed to call upon "Mother", but soon you can train the family to respect your privacy. Little by little you will come to be truly independent, and all the family will be happier because your life is happier and radiates that happiness.

So the dreams come, and so the dreams go! Tell me yours, and I will tell you mine, and we will plan together and devise some way to steer to the dreamed-of harbor that longed-for "ship at sea".

Editor's Note.—Josephine Gregory believes that every wholesome desire for self-expression should be helped into perfect realization, and if you are one of the dreamers waiting for a shadowy ship to come in, you will find her the friendliest and most understanding of pilots. She will answer by mail every letter which incloses a stamped addressed envelope.

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(By Kate B. Vaughn)

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½ cupful Crisco	.04½
1 cupful water	.00
Whites of 3 eggs	.10
3 cupfuls flour	.03
3 teaspoonfuls baking powder	
1 teaspoonful salt	.01
1 teaspoonful flavoring	.01
Total	.24½c.

Cream Crisco, add sugar and cream together. Sift dry ingredients and add alternately with milk. Add flavoring, beat mixture thoroughly, and last fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Grease cake tin with Crisco, pour in cake mixture and bake in a moderate oven for 15 minutes. Note: Cream Crisco and sugar more thoroughly than you would butter, as there is no moisture in Crisco to dissolve the sugar. *Use level measurements.*

Use your favorite icing.

This cake will weigh when baked about 2½ pounds. The very best cake usually sells for 40c per pound. Figuring on this basis, this cake would cost, baked, $1.00. You can bake it for 24½c—a saving of 75½c.

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COMBINES a COMPLETE carpet sweeper with a COMPLETE vacuum cleaner, many women are requesting us to take their out-of-date machines in exchange, to apply on the purchase of a SWEEPER-VAC.

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**"Two above are Wilsonwise—
T'other two are otherwise."**

This catchy title by Berenice Domhoff, 2246 Jerome Street, Toledo, Ohio, wins the Wilson Dress-hook $100.00 Picture Title contest. Several titles differed only slightly from the winner's, but disinterested judges awarded her the money.

EXTRA AWARDS. Because of the tremendous interest taken in this picture, it pleases us to award five extra prizes of $5.00 each in addition to the $100.00. Those awarded $5.00 each are: Mrs. Geo. W. Baldwin, R. F. D. No. 4, San Jose, Cal.; Pearl B. Eckman, 141 South Jefferson St., Allentown, Pa.; Mrs. J. W. Smith, 622 Walnut St., Three Rivers, Wis.; Anabel Ronald Barber, 1203 Seventh St., S.E., Minneapolis, Minn.; C. R. Bates, Dermott, Ark. Our regrets and hearty thanks go to the unsuccessful contestants who strove so cleverly.

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SALT MEATS AND FISH

(Continued from page 64)

all the dried fish, smoked finnan haddie is perhaps the most delicious; smoked halibut is similar in flavor and appearance. Sardines in olive oil, smoked Norwegian sardines, and those put up in mustard are old favorites. Smoked whitefish and sturgeon, sardellen, sardellen butter, salt salmon, and appetizers, such as anchovies and caviar, you will know just when to use.

EGGS STUFFED WITH SARDINES.—Hard-boil several eggs (twenty minutes), and drop in cold water to prevent turning black. Remove, and mash the yolks; for three eggs, add two mashed sardines, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, a few grains of cayenne, a few drops of Worcestershire sauce, and enough vinegar to moisten. Add as much olive oil as vinegar, and then as much more as the mixture will stand without becoming too soft to fill into the halves of the whites. Serve as a luncheon dish, or entree for dinner.

APPETIZING FISH AT THE DELICATESSEN

SARDINE CANAPES.—Cut buttered brown or gluten bread in thin strips or rounds. Heat in the oven. Make a paste of a few boneless sardines, seasoned with lemon juice and Worcestershire sauce; add a finely chopped hard-boiled egg, and spread on the bread. Garnish with parsley or fancy shapes of egg, and serve at the beginning of a formal dinner.

SALT MACKEREL FOR SUNDAY.—Place the mackerel in a large shallow pan, flesh side down, in plenty of fresh water, for one or two days, changing the water two or three times. Wipe the fish dry, and lay on the broiler; when the flesh side is a good brown, turn and brown on the other side. Spread with butter, and season with salt and pepper. Garnish with parsley and a few bits of lemon. Serve this for breakfast, flesh side up.

AN OLD-FASHIONED CODFISH DINNER.—Strip salt codfish into convenient-sized pieces, and soak in cold water for an hour. Drain, cover again with cold water, and bring to a boil. Drain again, and repeat. Simmer in the third water till the fish is tender. Do not boil actively, as that hardens it. Place on a platter, dress with melted butter, surround with pork scraps, boiled potatoes, beets, carrots, and parsnips. Serve piping hot.

FINNAN HADDIE IN RAMEKINS.—Boil the smoked haddock, or finnan haddie, in equal parts of milk and water to cover, until it is tender and leaves the bones easily. Remove from the bones, and break up with a fork into small pieces. Make a rich cream sauce as follows: One cupful of milk, one cupful of thin cream, two level tablespoonfuls of butter rubbed with two tablespoonfuls of flour. Season with half a saltspoonful of pepper, a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt (the haddock is slightly salt), parsley, chopped fine, and a few bits of pimento or sweet green pepper. Reheat the fish in the sauce, distribute in ramekins, dust the tops with cracker-crumbs, and set away to reheat when wanted. If a very thick sauce is preferred, add half a cupful of fine bread-crumbs.

TONGUES AND SOUNDS.—These delicate parts of the codfish come packed in brine, which is removed by soaking them twenty-four hours in fresh water; boil thirty minutes, and serve for luncheon or dinner, with white sauce or a curry. Beets and Lyonnaise potatoes may accompany.

HERRING WOODCOCK.—Use young, tender, smoked herring. Lay several pieces of the fish on pieces of buttered toast. Cover with scrambled eggs, topped with slices of bacon fried dry and crisp. Instead of serving the herring in this way for breakfast, heat it, lay on toast, and mask it with sauce tartare for luncheon.

BROILED SALT WHITEFISH FOR BREAKFAST

BROILED WHITEFISH.—This small, fat fish, weighing about half a pound each, commonly bought at delicatessen stores, is white and tender, and makes a splendid breakfast dish. Freshened overnight by being placed in hot water, they should be broiled over a hot fire, and served with seasoning of butter and pepper. Hot rolls make an ideal accompaniment.

Editor's Note.—Questions in regard to preparing any of the dishes mentioned in this issue of the magazine will be cheerfully answered through the mail by our Cooking Editor, Mrs. Armstead, who will be glad, also, to supply suggestions for special menus, receipts for a desired cake, dessert, conserve or other product of the cooking-stove, and advice as to any cookery problems which may confront our readers, if a stamped, addressed envelope accompanies the inquiry.

BETTERING THE BUTTONHOLES

(Continued from page 54)

for ribbon. On fine material, embroidery cotton No. 30 will develop these designs very effectively.

Cross-stitch embroidery is an interesting revival of an old art, and new designs for this attractive work are meeting with much popular favor. Transfer Design No. 569 furnishes several motifs which may be used to equally good effect on household linen or personal belongings.

French dresses for children are quaintly ornamented with colored cross-stitch figures of bears, squirrels, rabbits, or even small Dutch scenes. Design No. 569 includes two swans, two owls, two birds, three pine trees, a rabbit, a bear, and the two storks with cat tails so charmingly used on a hemstitched towel. In these transfers, the little cross-marks for the stitches are clearly stamped on the material so that even a child can do the work with precision.

A BUTTERFLY ORNAMENT
Transfer Design No. 571

RINGING THE BUTTONHOLE WITH EYELETS
Transfer Design No. 570

Timely, indeed, is Transfer Design No. 571 for a butterfly, to be developed either in embroidery or beads on silk, velvet, chiffon, or net. The pattern includes two large and two small butterflies, to be used on dresses, scarfs, hats, or for hair ornaments. The illustration shows one of the butterflies developed in colored beads on a chiffon foundation lined with net to give it body, and wired at the edges to keep it in shape. Poised on the shoulder or at the fastening of the girdle, this is a lovely dress accessory which gives grace to a gown and an indefinable note of individuality to the wearer. The larger butterflies in the design measure twelve inches across the wings and the smaller ones six inches.

Editor's Note.—A McCall Kaumagraph pattern of any of these designs may be purchased for 10 cents at any McCall pattern agency, or will be sent postpaid from McCall Company, New York, for 10 cents in stamps. Miss Thomas will gladly answer inquiries, if stamped addressed envelope is inclosed.

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A tempting dessert confection, loved by all who have ever tasted them. Suitable for every occasion where a dessert sweet is desired. In ten-cent tins; also in twenty-five-cent tins.

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Another charming confection—a filled sugar wafer with a bountiful center of rich, smooth cream.

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Still another example of the perfect dessert confection. Enchanting wafers with a most delightful creamy filling—entirely covered by the richest of sweet chocolate.

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Utilizing the Garret for the Children

(Continued from page 50)

post-cards, and a dozen and one relics dear to their hearts for all time.

A portion of the garret may be finished by tacking birch bark across from the rafters, inclosing a space in rustic fashion. Another way is to use odd pieces of wall-paper that can be obtained cheaply at any decorators. Fasten the strips from rafter to rafter, tacking them on with brass-headed nails, overlapping and gluing every other strip so that the nails underneath are invisible.

There are white composition building boards that may be used to finish an attic more completely. These boards can be tacked on by any one, and give the appearance of white plaster. No more skill is required in putting them up than in cutting cardboard, and tacking it to the beams and rafters.

IF THERE are no children, and the attic is needed for a storage-room, it should be partitioned and made both useful and beautiful. A light framework of soft pine can be constructed to separate the attic in two or three compartments. Cover the framework with light canvas, stretching it firmly, and when completed paint it with good white paint on both sides. A painted canvas surface like this is practically insect-proof, and will not harbor moths.

One part of the attic, completely shut off by such a partition, can be used for storing winter clothes. It can be filled with tar balls and camphor, and the odor will be restricted to the one room. If a cedar chest is made and placed in the room, one has a perfectly safe place for storing furs and special goods.

ANOTHER part of the attic can then be devoted to storing old magazines, canned fruits and jellies, seeds, roots, and various other things. The garret, by virtue of its extreme dryness, is better suited than the cellar for keeping seeds, herbs, and jellies through the winter. The cellar is apt to be damp and musty. It is also difficult to keep it perfectly clean in winter on account of the coal and ashes. Fine particles sift through almost every crevice, and get into the closets and boxes.

The ventilation of the attic should be well looked after, especially if given over to the children. If proper provision has not been made for this, the expense of cutting a window or two is not great, and will be found well worth while.

The garret can thus be made one of the most serviceable parts of the house. The fact that the walls and ceilings have never been finished makes little difference. While not a show-place, it still can be made useful and even attractive. Give it to the children for a playroom, or, at least, convert it into a storage-room that will not offend the eye. Beyond being given thorough cleaning, it requires little or no attention to keep in good shape.

When the Seamstress Comes

(Continued on page 51)

on some of the more difficult pieces by hand. Of course, any seamstress will accomplish more than I can in one day, for neither her mind nor attention is on anything but her work; add to what she does the interrupted contributions I make, and the speeding unconsciously due to my presence, and it will be seen that one pair of extra hands may be made to yield greater assistance in this way.

I WONDER how many women realize how important it is, even from a purely selfish point of view, to see that the seamstress, laundress, or other worker in the home has a substantial meal in the middle of the day? At this meal, perhaps, comes the only opportunity a day-to-day worker has to get nourishing food, the kind that will produce energy. The underfed woman is always lack-luster, listless and incapable of prolonged effort. A friend of mine complained to me that her seamstress and laundress were continually disappointing her without explanation, and that the latter refused to come any more. As I happened to employ both of them, I stumbled accidentally upon the real reason for their desertion.

"We don't get enough for lunch," said one of them. "Just potato soup made of potato-water; tea, bread, and jelly. Not always jelly, either. I don't work for her no more." This woman, like the little dressmaker, is out every day of the week, leaving her home about seven, and not returning till seven at night. She has no one at home to prepare a good meal when she gets there, and her supper is, all too often, a cold one. The dressmaker has to leave her house too early to get much breakfast, and is brimming with gratitude for a good, hot cup of coffee when she enters my door on a cold, winter morning. She works better for having it, too! When five o'clock draws near she does not begin to look at the clock, and clear up her work. She is not only far more eager to please and to apply her best energies to the work throughout the day, but sews to the last minute, giving me her interest and attention in return for very slight and inexpensive evidences of consideration, and a little kindness.

Simple Lessons in Embroidery—No. 2

(Continued from page 55)

each petal, and the yellow center. The rest of the work may be outlined—brown for basket and scrolls, green for leaves.

(Oval centerpiece, No. 10359, stamped on pure white linen 18x24 inches, 35 cents; with embroidery thread for working, in pink, blue, brown, green, and yellow, 50 cents; or free for 2 50-cent subscriptions. Cluny lace for edge, 20 cents.)

(Candleshade No. 10358, stamped on linen 6x22 inches, 15 cents; with embroidery cotton, 25 cents. Lace, 10 cents).

AMONG the pieces which the more experienced needlewoman can make are handsome patterns combining embroidery with filet crochet. A scarf of this character (No. 10362) is suitable for dressing-table or sideboard. Two filet crochet medallions made of No. 10 crochet cotton are inserted at each end. Begin with 32 chain stitches, turn, 1 double crochet in the eighth chain from needle, * chain 2, skip 2, 1 double crochet in the next. Repeat from * to the end, when there should be 9 holes in the row.

Second row—Turn, chain 5, 1 double crochet in second double crochet, then 2 double crochet in each hole and 1 double crochet in each double crochet, until the final hole is reached. Over it make 1 hole.

Third row—1 hole, after it 4 double crochet, 2 holes, 4 double crochet, 2 holes, 4 double crochet, 1 hole. Repeat the third row, then the second row; then repeat the third row twice, the second row, and the first row. Fill the holes all around the medallion with single crochet, and sew on.

(Scarf, No. 10362, stamped on pure white linen 18x50 inches, 65 cents, or free for 2 50-cent subscriptions. With embroidery cotton, 90 cents. No crochet cotton furnished.)

Another novelty is an embroidered hatband (No. 10361). These hatbands, embroidered on black net and worked solid in colors, make a very handsome trimming. The thread used for the embroidery is coarse and heavy. The leaves are done with a shade of olive, the flowers with a medium shade of greenish blue.

(Hatband No. 10361, stamped on black silk net, 25 cents; with embroidery thread in olive, blue, and coral, 45 cents.)

Editor's Note.—Questions on embroidery will be gladly answered by Miss Thomas, Fancy Work Editor. For any who wish to use their own goods instead of stamped material offered here, we can supply a perforated pattern of any design on these pages for 15 cents. Material for stamping and directions are included. We pay postage. Our new book, Latest Ideas in Embroidery Designs, 7th edition, regular price 10 cents, will be sent to any McCall reader for a 2-cent stamp.

To Ambitious Young Women

Haven't you ever felt you would like to earn a little extra money during your spare time, if you could do it by pleasant and dignified work? The McCall Company offers you just such an opportunity.

Let Us Help Make Your Dreams Come True

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How anxious are you to gratify your wish, to realize your ideal? We know you can succeed in turning your spare time to profit, if you will. We know that, with our co-operation, you can realize your fondest hopes and expectations, because others are doing it. What others have done you can do, if you are willing to try.

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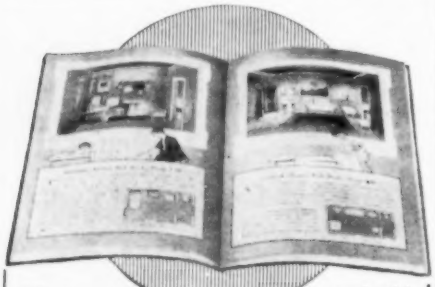

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WOMAN'S INVASION OF THE STAGE

(Continued from page 23)

The young playwright, in carrying out the idea, has created a play on which audiences hang, as neighbors hang over garden fences to listen to family reports.

Although this may seem a meager theme, yet the author, aided by Julia Dean, the leading player, niece of Julia Dean Hayne, that bewitching actress whom Brigham Young sought to add to his list of twenty-six wives, makes it a holding, thrilling one.

By careful economy for many years the wife had saved two thousand dollars, with which she intended to buy a home in the country. She learned that her husband needed that sum to help him over obstacles in the path of his business. Her tender woman heart caused her to give him this money, but through a neighbor, from whom he believes he is receiving it as a loan. When he discovers by accident that the loan was made by his wife, a violent scene ensues.

"Why didn't you give it to me directly?" he naturally demands.

Her reply sheds light on the financial transactions of husbands and wives. "Because I thought you wouldn't pay it back," she said. "When we were first married I had five hundred dollars. I lent it to you, and you have never paid it back."

Therein she uttered the cry of the hearts of thousands of women. There are men, honest in respect to their marriage vows, who are glaringly dishonest in business transactions with their families. To repay loans made them by their wives and daughters, mothers, or sisters, seems never to occur to this type of man.

Miss Dean and her brilliant associate, Beverly Sitgreaves, who plays a bickering, jealous neighbor, carry the weight of the play. Their husbands are mere incidents to the play's development, and, for the most part, unpleasant ones.

The Family Cupboard, another play of the season, has male characters, but, true to the guiding principle of the modern stage, the attention is concentrated, as the sun's rays upon a burning-glass, upon the psychology of the women of the play, one of the telling points lying in the dialogue between mother and daughter, in which the girl taxes her fashionable, society-mad mother with neglecting her home and the happiness of her family. The girl turned critic of her mother is a new and strong feminine note, an unpleasant but sometimes unpleasantly necessary note in modern family life.

The Great Adventure, a dramatization of Arnold Bennett's deliciously droll novel, *Buried Alive*, a dramatic plum of the season, fell to a clever American girl, Janet Beecher, she who the foremost producer of this country said is one of the "three most natural actresses on the American stage". The character is a humble woman, richly endowed with common sense and of attractive simplicity, who marries a man so shy that he permits the world to think him dead. So greatly does she dominate the play that the audience is but mildly interested in the shy artist portrayed by a sterling English actor, Lyn Harding. Of a similar theme is *The Temperamental Journey*. An artist attempts suicide, but is picked up by a passing yacht, though mourned by his friends as dead. The part two women play in his life—one, selfish, insincere, and flirtatious; the other, simple, self-sacrificing, and true—constitutes the engrossing interest of the comedy-drama. They are played respectively by Isabel Irving, one of the most finished of native actresses, and Josephine Victor, a Hungarian-American of rich temperamental endowment.

Barrie's grim short plays, *Half An Hour* and *The Will*, were written with his eyes on two women characters, both tenderly feminine, both deeply in love, and each transformed by the power of circumstances stronger than their own characters, one into a deceitful coward, the other into one of the saddest spectacles of womanhood, a hardened money-grabber, in whom all the springs of natural affection had been dried by avariciousness. Grace George plays the coward, and Mary Boland the wealth-worshiper.

The Fight is a play in which every advocate of the spreading feminist movement will delight. It shows how a girl managed a bank during a run on it, and handled her own campaign for Mayor. Behind the play is a pleasing, domestic romance. Bayard Veiller, the author, wished his wife to play the energetic, dauntless young heroine. The male managers refused to entrust with a character so exacting the dark-eyed young woman, Margaret Wycherly, who had appeared principally in the Yeats poetic plays of simple Irish life, and as "Light" in Maeterlinck's *The Bluebird*.

"Then you can't have my play!" responded the author, and sturdily thrust the play into his pocket, carrying it to the next purchaser. It was a woman manager, Mrs. Harris, tragically widowed by the sinking of the "Titanic", who gave Margaret Wycherly her chance, a chance that brought her overwhelming success.

In fact, most of the plays of the season bear testimony to woman's usurpation of the center of the stage. However, it is a usurpation that it is surprising has not come sooner, since woman and her doings, if the amount of newspaper space devoted to her is any proof, are the most interesting subjects in the world.

MY PROFITS AS A PARLOR MILLINER

By A MINISTER'S WIFE

Department of Home Money-Making Methods

I AM the wife of a country parson. We had been going over accounts day after day, my husband and I, trying vainly to see where and how we could reduce our expenses in order to meet the approaching need of sending our oldest daughter away to school. She must be educated; the seminary in a nearby town offered the only solution, and our meager income did not make even that seem possible. We saw that no economy we could plan would render the salary which my husband received sufficiently elastic to cover household expenses and pay for Lucy's tuition away at school.

We had discussed the question of my husband asking for an increase in salary, but he entertained no hope in that direction, and we finally turned to the one alternative most likely to produce immediate results.

The idea had occurred to me one day while looking over a magazine, and reading the advertisement of a Chicago millinery house: Why could I not establish a parlor millinery, and sell trimmed hats? Every woman in the parish had to have one, and many of them, I thought, would be glad to purchase their new winter hats from the minister's wife.

I wrote to the millinery firm for a catalogue and information, and received a prompt reply, which was so satisfactory that it determined my decision to make the venture, and I acted without delay.

I HAD to borrow the money to make my venture — sixty dollars was what I needed, according to our figuring, and at once I placed an order to the full amount. Though it seemed almost like speculation, I quoted the old adage, "Nothing venture, nothing gain", and did not allow any but thoughts of success to enter my mind.

While waiting for the shipment of millinery to arrive, I had advertised a sale of the hats by sending announcements of my millinery opening in the rectory parlors to all the ladies in the parish and surrounding country. They were all talking about it, and apparently awaiting the day with as keen interest as I myself.

Before the hats arrived, I arranged the parlors with great care to make them as attractive as possible, and at the same time practical for the purpose of displaying millinery and conveniently accommodating the patrons I expected. In order to make available the best spaces, as the mantels, tables, and piano, for showing the hats, I removed all bric-à-brac, and in its stead placed a few improvised standards (several tall candlesticks serving nicely), to receive the most dressy models.

There were two long mirrors in the parlors, and in front of each I placed a small, low stand for a hand mirror, and a chair, so that the ladies could try on and see their appearance in the hats they chose. Most of the other chairs I removed, to allow moving about easily. To relieve the bareness, and for their decorative effect, I brought in a number of potted plants and ferns, placing them so as not to be in the way.

I WAS delighted when the well-packed boxes arrived, and I took out the prettily-trimmed hats all ready to wear. My eagerness for the day of the opening to arrive was like a child's for Christmas, and when the morning came, bright and beautiful, I was joyous at my prospects. I knew fine weather would go far toward inducing the ladies from their homes.

It was most gratifying to see them come early, apparently in haste to be the first to select their millinery, and on the opening day my sales amounted to fifty-seven dollars. This made me feel assured of success. In a short time, I sold every hat I had bought. I did not charge more than $5 for any one, and sold some for $1.25 each, but realized a net gain of a hundred and fifty dollars on my first order. Not only that, but I had established a good business, and one that allowed me still to attend to my home duties. I soon learned to trim and make over old hats, and this increased my trade.

What I have done, others can do. I never left my home, and the whole family were so interested in my work they helped me in many ways.

My first profits placed Lucy comfortably in the seminary, and two years later, when we saw her graduate with honor, I felt it a most satisfying result from my really enjoyable experience in the field of home money-making.

Editor's Note.—Do you want to earn some money? And would you like some suggestions or advice? Then write to Betty Grant Gordon, our Home Money-Making Editor, McCall's Magazine, New York City, inclosing stamped addressed envelope, and give her as clear an idea as possible of your capabilities. She will be glad to advise you.

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236 W. 37th St., N. Y. City.

SOME BEAUTY RESOLUTIONS

(Continued from page 62)

Heat the cold cream, oil, and solution of soda together, stirring until an emulsion is formed. Warm together the glycerin, mucilage, and about one hundred and fifty parts of water, and mix with the emulsion. Stir until cold, make up to two hundred parts by adding more water, then mix in the perfume.

After the hands have had the paste worked in, dust lightly with powder, using a convenient shaker for the purpose, and use the palms of the hands to distribute it so that it will not be noticeable. Thus protected, you will be ready to go out into the hardest wind.

If, in spite of all these precautions, you find hands or lips chapping, use the following lotion:

LOTION FOR CHAPPED HANDS

Tannin . . . 25 centigrams
Glycerin . . . . . 10 grams
Rosewater . . . . . 50 grams

I had meant to tell you what to do for those irritating chilblains, which are the affliction of some of us in cold weather, but space forbids. However, I shall be glad to pass on a good formula by mail to any who may need it, and also an excellent softening and whitening paste to apply to the hands at night under loose gloves.

READY FOR THE STATIONARY RUN

If you are a busy housewife, with very little time to bestow on the small personal vanities, your greatest trouble will be to keep your hands even comfortable, let alone pretty to look at. Dipping them in and out of dishwater is inevitably productive of roughened and reddened skin—yes, even cracked and bleeding fingers. Try keeping a bottle of bran gruel on your kitchen shelf, and wash your hands in this instead of plain water, whenever washing is necessary. It is made by boiling the bran in enough water to make a thin gruel, and straining the liquid carefully before bottling.

This is the month you know, of resolutions, and I cannot think of a better one to add to the list than the resolution to keep one's person as dainty and attractive as possible. None of us think of leaving nails untended or hair uncombed—why should we not feel as particular about other personal niceties? Ten minutes daily will work miracles. Try it!

Happy New Year!

Editor's Note.—Every woman possesses possibilities of attraction. Miss Beacon's object is to lend aid to the woman who wishes to improve her appearance or health. Inquiries will be answered by mail, if a stamped envelope is inclosed.

The Neighborhood Club Makes a Resolution

(Continued from page 24)

it, in meetings and out, to keep *everybody else* from losing their tempers.'

"The club kind of stared at each other. I guess none of us had ever put it that way to ourselves before. It had come to me out of a clear blue sky on my way to the meeting, and I was sure it was a big, big thing. For we'd always been hard and fast for keeping our own tempers and making our own dispositions and characters nice and neat—but what about them of the other folks?

"'Well, that's so, ain't it?' says Mis' Toplady. 'If we was all particular about stepping on each other's toes, there wouldn't be anything to get mad at, would there?'

"'That's it,' says I, 'that's it. Now, me: it makes me mad in a minute when anybody acts as if I put too much butter in my cooking for our suppers. And one of us don't like to have it flung out she's dressy—nor another one extravagant—nor another asked why she don't keep a hired girl, or entertain more, or take her blinds off, or her fence down, or do this or not do that. Oh, we all got our weak points! And, instead of trying to keep off each other's, that we get to know like a book, working together so familiar as we do, we all been jumping on 'em whenever we felt like it, and keeping concerned holding onto our own tempers—which,' I says, 'it can't be done—not always. Not without each other's help. Land,' I says, 'when God can help us, wouldn't you think each other could?'

"So we resolved it into a resolution: That every lady here will try to keep off the club's feelings.

"'Let's go further,' says Mis' Toplady.

"'And their family's feelings,' we adds.

"'Let's go further,' says Mis' Toplady, her eyes beginning to shine.

"'And the town's feelings,' we adds on, 'except where the good of the town has got to be thought of. And let's learn to know, sure, which is which.'"

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and receive samples of Flannels, Antiseptic Diaper, Rubber Sheeting, complete lines of Baby White Goods, Dimities, Long Cloth, etc. Also illustrated catalogue showing 50 styles of White Embroidered Flannels, Infants' Outfits ($5 up), Separate Garments, Rubber Goods, Baby Baskets, Bassinettes, and hundreds of necessary articles for expectant mothers and the new baby. Also valuable information on how to care for the baby. **No advertising on wrapper.** For 25 CENTS we will include a complete set of modern Paper Patterns for baby's first wardrobe that would cost $1.70 if bought separately. Write at once or save this advertisement.

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A CHAPTER IN REVELATIONS

(*Continued from page 9*)

quaintness, veering between audacity and flight. He felt compunction out of all proportion to his offense, a dreadful sense of having clumsily crushed some delicate winged creature. Desperately, he realized a terrific need for tact and an abysmal lack of it. But manfully he did the best he could.

"Now, look here, I didn't mean to be rude. You mustn't feel so cut up over giving away the sad case of those spinsters at home." He tried to laugh. "We all know about them. It is a shame."

She repudiated the sham. "Who's artificial now?" she inquired in proud disdain. "You know I don't care a sixpence for what I said about them—You know that I'm caring for what I said about myself. That I didn't want to be like them."

"For Heaven's sake, would any rational being imagine for a minute that you did want to be like them? Of course you don't—you shouldn't—any more than a—a flower wants to stop blooming." This was an extraordinarily ludicrous comparison for Remington, of all people, to be making, and somewhere in the back of his brain was registered a droll astonishment at it, but he plunged on. "Do you suppose I want to be like those lonely old codgers loafing around the clubs—fat old codgers living in their meals, and lean old codgers living in their memories?"

"Yes, but—but—" Her head came hesitantly about till his view included lashes that were actually misty. Of all the irrational, illogical little things! Remington hated irrational, illogical little things, yet he did not stop to seek out this old hatred among the curious sensations that were tugging at him now; he rushed on with his work of rescue.

"Why shouldn't you say you want to get married? Every right-minded woman does. So does every right-minded man. I say it, too. I want to get married!"

"Do you?" She surveyed him doubtfully for one fleeting instant.

"Do I? Why, of course I do!" No one was more amazed than his own ears to learn this. "Every one does—to the right one, of course."

"Oh, yes, the right one," she chimed in eagerly. "It must be the right one. Even East Meridian has the wrong ones. And so many girls compromise upon them—and I was so afraid— Suppose one never met anybody that one cared for!"

"Horrible!" said Remington gravely. "Why, meeting the right one is the most important thing in life." He paused, profoundly struck by his own perspicacity in grasping this immense truth; then went on rhetorically to enlarge upon it. "Looking at it in one way, life's nothing but a shifting stage for that meeting. It's

(*Concluded on page 75*)

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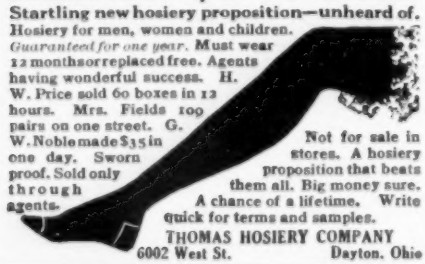

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The Turning-Point in My Married Life

(Continued from page 11)

disappointing and annoying traits. And yet, all the while, they who are fretting and fuming against the bonds that unite them, are having Life together, meeting wonderful experiences, helping each other to discoveries and revelations, and that is what counts. It's a wonderful thought when you give it time to sink in."

It was just then that Katherine Wells and Will Buckley, coming down the street, stopped in the shadow of the trees at the gate. There were a few whispered words, a brief silence, then the unmistakable sound of a kiss.

"They're engaged — since yesterday," her grandmother whispered to me. But I hardly heard her. Something in that kiss brought back memories. It was only such a short time since Jim and I had stood at the other gate. And now was Romance to be dead for me forever? Had I chosen a path, aloof and alone, whereon I would be left to wander, a solitary soul? My heart cried out within me.

Without waiting to hear the last of what Grandmother Wells had to say, I rose quietly from my chair, slipped around the side of the house, and then went home.

From that evening on a change began in me. I no longer tried to convince myself of the value of the freedom I had so lately gained. Instead, I looked back yearningly. I seemed to realize that I had only skimmed the surface of our days—Jim's and mine—and forgotten the rose-hued hours in the black ones. It became almost impossible to recall the silly little differences which had rent our home asunder. Try as I might—and I did try, at times, in a frantic effort to justify myself in my own eyes—they would not take form. Instead, every tender, beautiful moment stood out boldly in my memory, crowding my mind and heart. And in this constant searching of myself it came to me as a revelation that the love of marriage—real marriage—is like the love of a mother for a child, above reason, independent of fault or virtue. And the more I became convinced of this, the more the days dragged. My mother's home was a vast void, and I a lost soul wandering in it.

But it was fully three weeks after my advent into my old home that father, on his return from business, remarked that he had encountered Jim in New York. My heart skipped a beat, and then raced madly on, for father went on to say:

"I shook hands with him. We lunched together. Because you declare a state of war is no reason why two men should."

I could hardly control my voice, but I managed to stammer:

"You—you mentioned me?"

"No."

"Did—Jim?"

"No."

I sank down into a chair because my limbs refused to hold me. Father walked out of the room, calmly folding his newspaper. One would have thought he had been discussing the weather with me, and not a subject that had suddenly become as vital as life and death.

I am sure that in that moment I realized as poignantly as even God would have wished the irrevocableness of marriage—the mark that wedlock sets upon us. God must have marked us so as an urge to fulfil his law. Yes, marriage might mean manacles at one's feet and shackles on one's wrists, but it also meant a bondage ineffably dear. And there alone in that still room was shadowed forth to me how the beautiful tender parts of living together ought to glorify the hard and fretting ones.

But Jim hadn't even asked for me!

As I thought of this the slow tears began to gather in my eyes, and roll down my cheeks. I rushed to my room and cried and cried as never in my life have I cried since.

There is one thing which a good cry will do for a woman: it washes away all corroding influences, it cleanses her heart, it leaves her with a clear conception of her own pitiful smallness, and creates a different outlook upon God and the universe. And as for pride—why, she just gathers it into one extravagant handful and tosses it on the scrap-heap of outgrown quarrels.

I would have walked meekly back to Jim that very night, had I been certain of finding him at home. But it wasn't to be supposed that a man would remain alone there all these weeks.

Yet Love was to find a way of repairing the damage we had done to our house.

It happens that Jim's employer is also my godfather. In fact, it was while visiting Uncle Joel, as I call him, that I met Jim. A few brief glimpses of each other in the office had set the wheels of our fate spinning toward each other.

And, now, I decided to turn once again to that first meeting-ground. So, on Saturday afternoon, just before closing time, I ushered myself into Uncle Joel's sanctum, trembling in every limb, and fearing I would spill my troubles before I could make a presentable entrance.

"Jim — he's not gone?" I barely greeted my godfather. "I—Uncle Joel, I want him to take me to a matinee"—here I forced a laugh—"and I'm half afraid to ask him."

"What!" My father's old friend pretended amazement. "Wants one of my employees to take her to the theater, and afraid to ask him! Humph! Well, we'll attend to that."

(Continued on page 75)

THE TURNING-POINT IN MY MARRIED LIFE

(Continued from page 74)

As he spoke, he threw open the door that connected Jim's office with his. Then he drew himself pompously erect.

"Mr. Hempsted," he said, "here's a charming young lady wants you to take her to a matinee. I hope you are duly flattered. In my young days——"

I didn't hear the rest, for, as Jim turned, our eyes met. And I wasn't sure—I wasn't sure how he felt! Or whether he was angry or glad.

"You don't say!" he drawled; but he did come forward, and then——

Well, I don't know whether he took me into his arms, or I rushed into them. Neither do I know how it happened that we found ourselves quite alone in Uncle Joel's office, seated together in Uncle Joel's chair. I only woke to the situation when Jim, holding me close, was saying:

"Bessie, if you ever do that again!—What I've been through! Why, I've been like a lame man trying to get along without his crutch! I've been like a chicken with its head chopped off!——"

He said much more. And I—I wanted to tell him about what I had learned—of the mark that wedlock sets upon us, and how I knew, at last, that, come what would, my step would always halt alone. Yet somehow I could not yet. So long as we felt it in our hearts, what did it matter if we did not put it into articulate words?

A Chapter in Revelations

(Continued from page 73)

the Great Adventure. We are always on the outlook for it, whether we know it or not. We can never tell when it's going to happen to us. It may elude us for years, and some chance wind may blow it around the next corner!"

She broke into soft laughter that was like sunshine after an April shower.

"Not an East Meridian corner!"

After a moment she glanced up at him, the gray-blue eyes half shy behind their twinkles. "You make me feel so—so reassured about myself! You don't really think, then, that I'm a horrid, bold, designing creature?"

"What I think about you—" began Remington, and then stopped—with abruptness. It was all very well to tell the truth, but it was quite another thing to make a howling idiot of one's self after fifteen minutes' provocation!

"I'll take it under advisement," he said cautiously, with a twinkle of his own. "There's no hurry—it's a three-day journey to Montana."

And under his breath Remington, the indifferent, the free, added fervently, "Three days! Three blessed days!"

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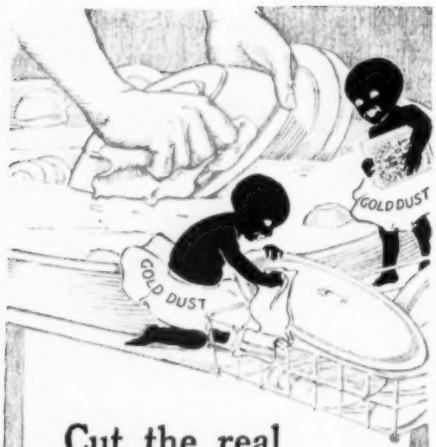

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Conducted by HELEN HOPKINS

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BREAKING GLASS BOTTLES.—A glass bottle or jar can be evenly broken without splintering the glass by filling with cold water, tying around it, just where you want it broken, a good-sized string which has been soaked in turpentine, and setting fire to the string. A good even break will result.—Mrs. H. F. H., Brandon, Minnesota.

BOTTLED THREAD.—As soon as a vaseline bottle is empty, I clean it thoroughly, and use it as a receptacle for a spool of thread or sewing-silk. Partly-filled spools are liable to become soiled, and the thread tangled, if left in the sewing-basket, especially if of colors not used frequently. The five-cent-size glass bottle, with metal screw-top, makes an ideal case for them, and the desired shade can be found instantly when wanted. A shelf in a closet off my sewing-room holds many of these, and is a convenience well worth while and obtained without any extra expenditure of money.—E. McC., Waco, Texas.

TO MEND KID GLOVES.—Buttonhole on the sides of the rip or torn place, then draw closely together. Use cotton thread, as silk cuts the kid easily.—Mrs. G. P. C., Shawnee, Oklahoma.

TO TIGHTEN A SEWING-MACHINE BAND.—Do not cut your sewing-machine belt when it gets too loose. Instead, put a few drops of pure castor oil on the band, run the machine a few minutes, and the belt will be tightened.—M. E. L., Johnson City, Tennessee.

BORAX WATER FOR STAINS.—Keep upon your toilet table a bottle of borax solution, made by dissolving a teaspoonful of powdered borax in a pint of hot water. When the first suggestion of soil appears upon any of your light cloth gowns, rub the spot with a piece of absorbent cotton wet with the solution. This simple operation will remove dust, mud spots, and perspiration stains. It is better than gasoline or naphtha, as its application does not leave the ugly circle of stain that so frequently follows the use of other cleaning fluids.—Mrs. B. K. P., Hamilton, Maryland.

BURNT ALUMINUM.—If your aluminum pans or kettles get scorched and black, do not scrape or scour them. Half fill with water, add a heaping teaspoonful of soda, and boil for ten minutes; they will be as bright as new.—Mrs. D. T. K., South Bend, Indiana.

SEPARATING POSTAGE-STAMPS.—In damp weather, or by careless placing, postage-stamps sometimes stick together in such a way as to be difficult to separate. When it so happens, place them on a newspaper in a hot oven for a few moments. As soon as the stamps get hot the glue dries, and by pressing between the fingers it is readily broken, and the stamps may be easily separated without the least damage.—Mrs. G. B. McC., Wellford, South Carolina.

KEEPING SILVER BRIGHT.—When putting away silverware place a small piece of gum camphor in the case. This will keep it bright and shining.—Mrs. J. F., Dexter, Missouri.

Editor's Note.—If you have discovered how to do some one thing just a little bit better than your neighbors, let us hear about it. We pay a minimum of twenty-five cents for each available contribution, and fifty cents for such as are one hundred words or more in length. Contributions copied from books or other publications cannot be accepted. No manuscripts can be returned, but those not used and paid for will be destroyed.

PLANNING A BALANCED DIET

By ELIZABETH ARMSTEAD

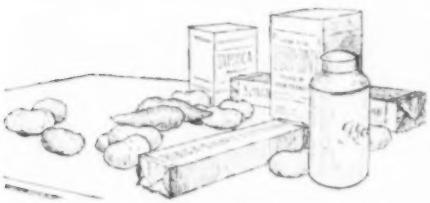
NOT long ago I was invited to a delightful informal dinner. The company was charming, the napery and tableware were exquisite, the service faultless, and the lighting perfect. The menu alone was open to criticism, for the simple reason that the hostess, in planning it, had failed to consider the requisites for a properly balanced meal. This is what we had:

Cantaloup
Bouillon with Croutons
Ring of Chicken in Aspic, with Peas and Beets, served on a Lettuce bed
Bread and Butter
Pineapple, Cheese and Nut Salad
Claret and Lime-Juice Punch
Peach Short-Cake

In my mind, I contrasted this summer-evening dinner with one eaten at an old friend's house in the spring, when the menu was:

Chicken Gumbo
Finger Rolls
Roast Beef and Yorkshire Pudding
Mashed Potatoes Macaroni with Cheese
String Beans
Baked Caramel Custard
Crackers and Camembert Cheese
Black Coffee

Possibly the reader may decide on the main faults in each case. Put succinctly, the first dinner had too much acid, and



STARCHY FOODS WHICH SHOULD NOT BE COMBINED IN ONE MEAL

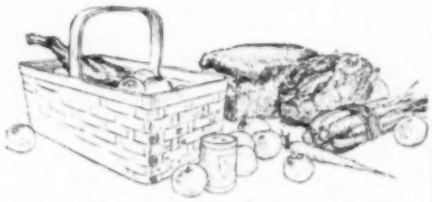
not enough starch or proteid; while the second was altogether too heavy, presenting too much starch and proteid.

The first menu, containing three kinds of fruit in addition to a lime-claret beverage, is far too acid for a single meal. Starch is absent except in bread, and a lack of nourishing elements is further emphasized by an extremely light meat course, not supplemented by proteid in any other form. Simple corrections would have been to serve potato salad with the chicken aspic, omit the pineapple salad, and change the beverage to iced tea or coffee, thus diminishing the acids.

The commonest error in planning a meal is the repetition of the starchy element. This will be noted in the second menu, where Yorkshire pudding, mashed potatoes, macaroni, crackers, and rolls all supply it. The same food value might be obtained by eating five potatoes or five helpings of rice. Many people insist on serving potatoes at every meal, no matter what other starchy dishes there may be. This should be avoided.

Chicken gumbo is too heavy a soup for this menu. For a lunch or supper, it would provide almost ample nourishment. A clear soup, such as consommé or bouillon, is suitable with a hearty dinner.

The proteid element was also too abundant. Yorkshire pudding, which is made with eggs—an equivalent for meat—with a substantial meat like roast beef, is quite too heavy, though many of us may enjoy the combination. Macaroni with cheese forms a meal by itself, and should not be eaten with a heavy meat. It may be served with hashes, left-overs, or with fish. The Camembert cheese offered was left untouched by the guests. Custard for dessert was also a repetition of the proteid



A BALANCED MENU IN THE MAKING

in the form of eggs. A wine or coffee jelly, or fruit in some form, should have been served with so heavy a meal.

The properly balanced diet is built around a dish containing the proteid element in greatest proportion. This may be meat, fish, or eggs; cheese and nuts may be used in cooked form. The starchy element is supplied in bread, potatoes, rice, hominy, macaroni, noodles, corn-meal, or other well-known cereals. A meat sandwich provides most of the proper elements for a meal. Green vegetables and fruits, however, are required to supply the nitrogenous element.

AT LEAST once a day such green vegetables as string beans, cabbage, cauliflower, carrots, peas, onions, tomatoes, turnips, asparagus, artichokes, or lettuce, should appear, throughout the year. In summer, it is not too much to serve both a hot cooked green vegetable and a salad. Fruit should also be served at least once a day, and twice a day is not too often.

Fat, in the form of butter, cream, or meat-fat, is a necessary element for a perfectly balanced diet. If members of the family have an objection to meat-fat, let them have butter, and economize elsewhere. Cream in moderation is one of the finest foods for growing children, and should be bought in preference to pastry or cakes. Your children will live to thank you, because you will be storing their bodies with energy and efficiency.

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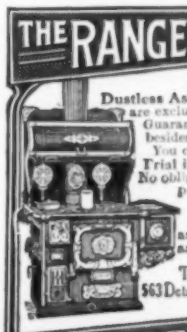

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WHAT GOOD FORM DEMANDS

A Department Devoted to Good Manners and Social Usages

Conducted by VIRGINIA RANDOLPH

PATTY was delighted when she received a note from the Real Man, asking her to go with him to the theater the following Thursday. The Real Man had chosen a play which any young girl could see without embarrassment, and he said in his note, "My sister, Mrs. Howard, will be with us," so that Patty's mother had no uneasiness as to chaperonage.

After consulting her mother, Patty wrote her note of acceptance immediately, as the Real Man might have difficulty in obtaining seats if she delayed her answer.

Then she turned to the momentous question of what to wear. If she had been going in a closed carriage, she would have worn an evening gown, and gone without a hat, but she knew they were to go in the street car, so Patty chose her blue velvet suit, with a pale blue net waist. Her pretty hat, simple but elegant, matched her suit, and she wore long white gloves.

The Real Man and his sister called at Patty's home for her, and found her ready, for she knew that tardiness would be discourteous to her host, and had allowed nothing to delay her. When they arrived at the theater, the chaperon entered first, then Patty, followed by the Real Man. He gave their ticket-coupons to an usher, and waited while his sister and Patty preceded him down the aisle. Had the usher been midway down the aisle, the Real Man would have preceded the ladies, in order to find their places from the usher. The chaperon entered first, then Patty, and finally the Real Man.

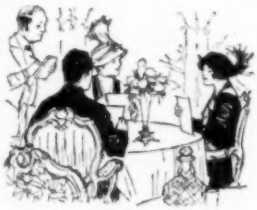
IF THE chaperon is a very young woman, however, or not an intimate friend of the couple whom she is accompanying, it is customary for the girl to take the farthest seat at the theater, thus placing the chaperon in the seat of honor by the host. As a number of persons were compelled to rise that Patty's party might reach their seats, the chaperon murmured a word of apology, and Patty noticed that she faced the stage as she stepped past.

As soon as they were seated, Patty and the chaperon removed their wraps as quietly as possible, and taking off their hats, placed them in their laps. Patty gave her hair a few touches, but only a few, for she knew that it was ill-bred to prink in public. She would have been more comfortable without her long gloves, but gloves should never be removed in the theater. If Patty had been in a box, she might also have kept on her hat.

The Real Man had secured programs, and handed them to Patty. Of course, she handed one to the chaperon before she read her own. After glancing over the programs, they talked in low tones, Patty taking great care to address herself to both the Real Man and the chaperon. The conversation was very impersonal, chiefly about other plays they had witnessed that year, for they were surrounded on all sides by strangers who could overhear what they said. A well-bred person never mentions names, or speaks of private matters when in a public place.

A FEW minutes after the curtain rose, numbers of late comers entered, and Patty was distracted from the play, and lost the thread of the story, so that she had some difficulty understanding the first act. Then she realized more than ever that all good breeding is based on consideration for others, and she was glad that her mother had urged her to be on time. There were thrilling moments in the play when Patty was anxious to whisper to the Real Man, but she knew that would interrupt others' attention to the play, so she checked her enthusiasm, and did not even applaud excessively, knowing that the well-bred woman should be appreciative but never in the least conspicuous.

Many times during the evening the chaperon offered her opera glasses to Patty, who always used them but a moment, never forgetting to hand them back promptly.



Between the acts they did not leave their seats to wander about the theater, nor did they indulge in any sweets, and, of course, the Real Man stayed with them during the intermissions.

After the play, they walked to a fashionable restaurant nearby for supper, the host and his sister ordering after consulting Patty's preferences.

The Real Man and the chaperon went with Patty to her home, but as it was very late, she did not ask them in, but said good night to the chaperon first, telling her how greatly she had enjoyed being with her for the evening, and then thanked the Real Man for the pleasure given.

Editor's Note.—All of us have been placed at times in some unfamiliar situation which has embarrassed or confused us. "What should I do?" we ask ourselves, and this department is planned to answer that question for our readers. Miss Randolph will be glad to reply to all questions which have to do with social usages if a stamped envelope is enclosed.

PEGGY CHOOSES A CAREER

(Continued from page 13)

cause for complaint. "Miss Devenish has not been brought up to—er—earn her living, and——"

"Earn her living!" he exploded—"earn her what? Do you know what she's done? Upset the ink into the postage-stamp drawer; typed a lot of hieroglyphic jigsaw things and sent 'em off to my best clients unsigned and in the wrong envelopes, lost three large checks, and got me into trouble with the telephone exchange. All inside of two hours! I don't know whether I'm on my head or my heels, and I believe I'm overdrawn at the bank!"

He danced about while he spoke, tearing his hair.

"There!" cried Peggy. "Didn't I say I'd been insulted? And after doing my best, too! I hate offices! I'll never set foot in one again!"

"No, don't—please don't," begged Mr. Goldstein. "They've never done you any harm, Miss." He turned to me. "Have you come to take her away? You have?" He almost thrust Peggy into my arms. "Don't waste time! Don't waste time!" he adjured. "Take her—with my blessing, young man, and may Heaven send me someone to get me out of the muddle she's put me into this morning!"

We left the room together, Peggy silent, shaking with wrath, near to tears.

"Where to?"

"Lunch. Somewhere where there's no music. I'm hungry, and I'm tired."

We went to the Café Royal, and the ex-typist ordered the repast with the nice selection of a connoisseur. I did not broach the subject of her recent humiliation to her. I preferred to wait until she should refer to it herself. But, as the meal progressed, her spirits mounted, and when we had finished she seemed to have completely forgotten the fact that she had entered on her first "situation" and lost it.

"Where are you going to, now?" she asked as we got into the car again.

"Hampton's—to look at curtains and rugs and draperies," I plunged.

"What for?"

"To be married in—I mean, for our house. You know, you said you'd marry me, Peggy, if——"

"Nothing of the sort!" she argued. "Do you think I'm going to give in before ever I've started? Why, there are heaps of things I can do! Oh, no, Jack, you quite misunderstood me. Still—rugs! Nice, thick, piley ones!" She had her head on one side and there was indecision in her eyes. "Yes, we might go and *look* at rugs!"

Editor's Note.—In February we shall print a second Peggy story, just as delightful and breezy as this first adventure in earning her living. Don't miss it!

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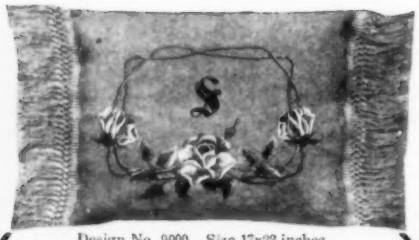

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ANNA AYERS, Dept. K.82, 220 S. State St., Chicago

MAKING A BUSINESS OF BEING A HOSTESS

(Continued from page 21)

that if she were given the opportunity she could make those people enjoy their voyage and give them a real social life. And such an occupation would fill the gap in her life, and would also be a tremendous pleasure. She not only had the necessary social background, but she could speak five languages as well, a very necessary equipment in mingling with ocean voyagers.

Two or three days after she landed, she met at a dinner-party a director of one of the big steamship lines, an old friend of her husband's. She told him what she wanted to do, and it was not six weeks later that she received a letter from the line, asking if she would consent to be hostess on one of their steamers starting in three weeks for a trip around the world. Although she had an ample income of her own, they offered her, in addition to most luxurious quarters on the ship, a handsome salary. She promptly accepted. When she returned from that trip, she went on another around-the-world cruise, and last May, when the "Imperator" was launched, she became its commandant-in-chief, as everyone calls her.

A position of so much scope naturally demands a woman of great ability and tact—it is no small task to make five thousand people feel as if their week on the ship had been the gala one of their lives, especially when they range from tiny tots to old men and women—but Mrs. Degenhardt has all the necessary qualifications, and, as she declares, they were all developed in the atmosphere of a home.

As befitting her rank on the ship, Mrs. Degenhardt has a handsome stateroom on the hurricane deck, a stateroom with long beveled mirrors, easy armchairs upholstered in the rich brocaded stuff with which the whole ship is fitted out, a wide bed, and an amply-appointed bathroom.

She is not, of course, bothered with any details such as the supervision of the kitchen and the cleaning and replenishing of her huge household. Others are employed to see that everything runs smoothly in those departments, but Mrs. Degenhardt must be in close touch with the entire staff, so that at a word from her the whole ship will be in instant response. If she decides that a certain little girl passenger, who is having a birthday on a particular day, must be fêted, as many helpers as she needs must be at her elbow at once, ready to arrange the salons for the games, rope off the decks for the races she has, perhaps, planned, and prepare the birthday dinner.

Although the task of entertaining five thousand people would in itself be a tremendous one, she has the added disadvantage of having to become acquainted with an entirely new set of people every seven days. Saturday afternoon and evening and the greater part of Sunday, after the ship sails, no one knows that the dignified woman, neatly and trimly gowned in the blue tailored suit, is any other than one of themselves; but, by Sunday afternoon, Mrs. Degenhardt, who, all this time, has been passing among the passengers, learning what type they are, what they would most enjoy, whether old or young predominate, and what distinguished people are on board, has mapped out her plan of action. She sits down beside someone who she thinks would take a prominent part in any activity that might be started, and after one or two trivial remarks in the tenor of the time-honored first steps of an acquaintance, is very soon launched into a tentative friendship. She invites her new-found friend to afternoon tea, including perhaps two or three others with whom she has become acquainted in the same way. She soon tells them who she is, and then, as Mrs. Degenhardt says, with a laugh, she is besieged with a perfect volley of questions as to just what she does, and when, and who, and how, and why, and how long. All of which serves its purpose, for now she has her opening wedge into the ship's whole passenger list. One person brings another, and the news of her identity spreads, until by Monday morning everybody on the ship greets her by name, or as "Madame Social Director".

They flock around her, asking her what is "on" for that morning, for the afternoon, for the evening, and from then until the ship docks at Hamburg there is one long series of festivities. They are delighted to be a part of anything arranged by this most versatile and inventive woman. Usually, Mrs. Degenhardt gives two balls during the trip, and then the big salon, with its rich hangings and draperies, its hundreds of electric lights, is a gay sight. The "Imperator" is called the millionaire ship because so few of its first-cabin passengers can escape the title, and, as a consequence, the gowns seen on the women on the floor are the creations of the world's best fashion artists. For the first two or three dances Mrs. Degenhardt is on the floor to inspire her guests, but after that she stays at her post as hostess, waiting for the streams of people who, she knows, will soon be flocking to her, wanting to be introduced. If a particularly pretty girl appears on the floor, in five minutes Mrs. Degenhardt is besieged for an introduction by every young man on the ship. Mrs. Degenhardt, who is only too glad that her guests are beginning to enjoy themselves, hastens over to the chaperon of the young woman and indicates the men who are so eager for an introduction. If the chaperon is willing,

(Continued on page 81)

MAKING A BUSINESS OF BEING A HOSTESS

(Continued from page 80)

Mrs. Degenhardt leads the young men over and there is a wild scramble to see who will be the lucky ones to get their names on the young girl's card.

The older people are not so much interested in these balls, and so Mrs. Degenhardt arranges bridge parties for them, at which most beautiful prizes, usually of silver, are presented by the ship.

One evening is given up to a concert, in which both the ship's orchestra and the passengers themselves take part. It is always considered an honor to appear at one of these concerts of Mrs. Degenhardt's, and, most of the time, the program is made up of as skilled performers as could be gathered together anywhere in the world. On a recent trip, Maurice, the famous Parisian dancer, who introduced the tango into this country, was one of the passengers who took part in the program.

Mrs. Degenhardt always makes a great event of a birthday. As soon as she discovers that some one of her guests, big or little, is having a birthday, that day she orders the whole ship decorated. The flags are run up; more than ordinarily beautiful decorations are added to the tables; birthday favors are at everyone's plate, and the birthday person herself is presented with a handsome gift.

On the last voyage over from Europe to America three whole days were foggy, a trying situation for Mrs. Degenhardt. All of her deck sports had to be abandoned, so that she had to rack her brains for entertainment for her cooped-up visitors. The result was a series of old-fashioned games that convulsed her guests with laughter, and made them declare afterward that Mrs. Degenhardt was a genius of a hostess.

One of the most laughable, for which the consent of all the chaperones on board had first to be procured, was the hair-combing contest. Six young women were asked to offer themselves as victims. Of course, the six with the longest and most abundant hair volunteered. Six young men were then selected to take the young ladies' hair down and rearrange it in the most becoming coiffures they could invent. The results, under their awkward and unaccustomed fingers, were highly entertaining.

One might think that all of the adulation and attention that Mrs. Degenhardt receives would tend to make her overbearing and conceited, but none of it seems really to have permeated. After two years of it, she is still the cheery-tempered, good-natured, considerate woman she started out to be, and continues to prove, by her great success, that not only colleges and offices and professional schools can turn out women efficient for the world's work, but the home, as well.

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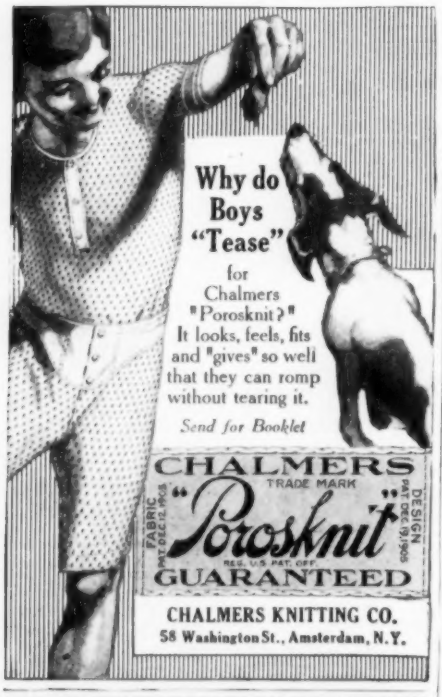

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THE PURSUIT OF PATRICIA

(Continued from page 20)

Inside, there was a frigid silence. David's new-found air of authority vanished miserably, and in the half-obscurity of the car he could feel the hot blood flushing painfully in his cheeks. Then a cold little voice asked:

"Why did you do that?"

"I—I'm so sorry," said David, stammering in his embarrassment. "I know it's a horrid thing to do, but I couldn't help it!"

She seemed to be weighing this for a moment, then she asked:

"Why couldn't you help it?"

He had not meant to tell her, had not wanted to frighten her with a strange tale of Russian intrigue, an escaping revolutionary, and government agents, but there was something about the simple directness with which she went to the point of things that made subterfuge impossible.

"You wouldn't be safe without me," he answered.

"Not safe!" she exclaimed in surprise—"not safe in a public taxi!"

"This isn't a public taxi."

She looked around her, a vague alarm showing in her face. In the flower-holder on her right was a bunch of violets, and the rack before her held a little book bound in limp leather. She took it out curiously, opened it, and held it to the window. It was a copy of Alfred de Musset's poems, in French. She put the book back again with a puzzled frown.

"Why—no! I don't believe it is," she said wonderingly.

"And the chauffeur—did you see his face?" asked Harwich.

"No; I didn't notice. Who is he? Do I know him?"

"He is the Russian gentleman who bowed to you in the restaurant and whom you didn't recognize. He must have sent his chauffeur to follow Brunoff, and is following you himself."

"But—but I don't understand!" said Patricia bewilderedly. "Why should he follow me?"

"I don't know that myself," answered Harwich, "and I'm not sure that I know why Brunoff should have been so afraid of him."

"Brunoff! Afraid of him! Do you mean that he left me because he was—trightened?" There was a little chill of contempt in her voice. "I thought he must be ill."

"No; he just——"

There was a little pause while she digested this.

"But I don't understand yet," she said at last. "How do you happen to know about it?"

"I don't exactly 'happen' to know. I was watching. I followed you here from the Free Thought Club. I—I seemed to feel you would be in danger."

"You followed me!"

In the half-darkness David could not tell just what to make of her voice. He went on quickly.

"Yes, I couldn't help it. I was afraid to let you go with him. He was so surprised to see you. I think he thought—"

He broke off abruptly and asked:

"What was he telling you about when he wrote on the menu?"

"He was teaching me some Russian. It was words he wrote."

"He didn't tell you, then, about a woman, a Russian woman, who looks astonishingly like you?"

"Why, no. Is there one?" she asked wonderingly.

"You look so much alike that I thought you were she, myself, during half the evening," said David.

Patricia's interest was thoroughly roused. She sat forward in her seat, and when she spoke there was a little thrill of excitement in her voice.

"Oh, tell me! Tell me all about her!" she commanded.

Thus admonished, David plunged into a fairly complete account of what had taken place since four o'clock that afternoon. Because Sophie had asked him not to mention the cigarette-case, he left that out of the story, merely saying that she came to sell him something for the museum. But, otherwise, he told Patricia all he knew.

She listened with breathless interest and a simple belief in the curious story this stranger was telling her that, more than once, made David's breath catch in his throat in a queer, delightful fashion.

When he had finished, she sat for a while in silence; then she said softly:

"Oh, the poor, poor girl! And she looks like me? I wonder"—she hesitated just a second; then she went on bravely—"I wonder if I went to see her if it would do any good. She might, perhaps, let me help her. She could let me, you know, better than you."

She stopped, looking speculatively at David.

The simple directness and human sympathy of her were so overpowering that he could find no words to answer her. Besides, that same subtle perfume was in his nostrils again.

Suddenly she spoke with a new ring in her voice.

"I wonder what time it is," she said.

In the light of a passing street-lamp David looked at his watch. It was five minutes after ten.

"That's pretty late to go to-night, isn't it?" asked Patricia doubtfully.

Harwich did not answer at once. He was leaning against the cushions, thinking. He so very much wanted to do this

(Continued on page 83)

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THE PURSUIT OF PATRICIA

(Continued from page 82)

thing, to see these two women side by side and unravel the mystery which bound their lives together, that, just at first, for that very reason, he was afraid to agree to her suggestion. But then his eye fell on the driver, who was still piloting the car slowly up Broadway.

In his interest in Patricia, David had almost forgotten the spy on the box, but now he realized suddenly that something must be done at once. They could not go on driving up-town forever, and they could not stop at Patricia's hotel without giving the man the information he wanted. If, on the other hand, they followed the girl's suggestion and went to see Sophie, they would be carrying the mystery back into its own circle, where it legitimately belonged.

Then, too, he had decided that this man who drove them was a friend of Sophie's and he might be doing her a real favor by helping him to discover her.

David leaned forward.

"It is rather late, but if you're willing, we might try it, I think. If her door is dark, we can go away without ringing."

"Oh," said Patricia a little breathlessly, "I'm willing."

Something in the way she said it made David's own voice so unsteady that it was a full half-minute before he dared give Sophie's address to the driver, and, when he did, it sounded strained and unnatural.

Having taken the step, Patricia seemed a little subdued and sat back without speaking, her clear-cut profile fading and reappearing in the varying light with an air of unreality that added to the impression already growing in David's mind. This was a feeling that the whole incomprehensible adventure was nothing more than a dream, and that presently he should wake in his own bachelor apartments with the gray light of another work-day filtering in. And this girl beside him would be always a vision, a half-nameless dream—

Suddenly, as though she had read his thoughts, she leaned toward him and said:

"Oh, I forgot to tell you my name. It is Endicott, Patricia Endicott. I live in Albany."

Before David could do more than utter an incoherent word of thanks, the car drew up before the entrance to Sophie's apartment building and the driver reached back and opened the door.

As she alighted, for the fraction of a second, Patricia's hand lay in David's, and in that instant it seemed to him he felt a little pressure that held in it, somehow, an appeal, an appeal to the strength and manliness of this stranger who was taking her so late to this strange place. A sudden flood of tenderness came over David that left him quite speechless.

In silence, he paid the man his fare,

(Concluded on page 84)

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THE PURSUIT OF PATRICIA

(Continued from page 83)

and, still in silence, he held open the door for her and followed her into the little hallway.

The colored hall-man rose sleepily to greet them, but a single glance at their faces served to make him wide-awake. He rolled his eyes from one to the other in almost comical surprise, and backed, still staring, into the elevator.

But, as Patricia and Harwich made no sign, he said nothing, and contented himself with stopping the car with an uneasy jerk which seemed to represent his state of mind.

When they alighted, the gas in the hall had not yet been lit and the same strong glow of light came through the ground-glass of Sophie's door as on David's earlier call.

David drew a long breath of relief. She was there, then, after all. It was to be no wild-goose chase on which he had brought this clear-eyed girl at his side, who trusted him. He advanced quickly to the door and rang the bell. They could hear it buzz frantically in the room beyond.

In the silence that followed, David heard Patricia catch her breath in a little gasp.

She drew a little nearer to him and laid a hesitating hand on his arm.

(To be continued in February McCALL'S)

Prize-Winners in the Worth Contest

WHAT did You suggest to Worth? Something clever, no doubt, for all the letters received by us in the Worth contest, which closed September 5th, 1913, deserve honorable mention. It gives us pleasure to announce the names of the lucky prize-winners:

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Second Prize: Mrs. C. H. Barr, Sinking Spring, Penn.
Third Prize: Mrs. J. Herschel Coffin, Richmond, Ind.

We have received a few letters asking why the names of the prize-winners did not appear in the magazine. Magazines with our circulation must work from five to six months in advance of the date of their publication. On September 5th, 1913, when the Worth contest closed, the October McCall's was on the news-stands, the November issue was ready for the presses, and the December number was on its way to the composing-room. The January magazine was the first issue which could possibly contain the news our readers were anxiously awaiting. Will you try to remember, in the future, that four months must elapse after any prize decision before its winners' names can be printed in the magazine—though the prizes themselves can go forward by mail as soon as a decision is reached.

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Drunk On Coffee

About 15 centuries ago an Arab herder of goats driving the flock through some new country was alarmed at the antics of the animals and thought they were "possessed of the devil."

Each day the same thing occurred after the goats had eaten of a certain kind of berry. The goatherd thought he would eat a few to try the effect.

That was the discovery of coffee.

Arabs learned to brown the berries and boil them, drinking the liquor, which was then and now recognized to have a direct action on the heart, and of course the reaction and depression later on.

Coffee sets up a partial congestion of the liver; dulls the brain; wrecks the nerves, and interferes with digestion.

Anyone can easily prove whether it be coffee that causes the periodical headaches, sick stomach, bowel troubles, weak heart, kidney complaint, weak eyes, neuralgia, rheumatism or nervous prostration.

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